

MORAL TALES,
AFTER THE
EASTERN MANNER;

BY

Mr. ^LSEALLY. ^R

V O L. I.

LOVELY ARE THE TALES OF FORMER TIMES.

L O N D O N :

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MORAL TALES

THE

EASTERN MANNER



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TO THE
HONOURABLE
Miss MARY TRYON,
MAID OF HONOUR.

TO THE
QUEEN.

MADAM,

YOU are the more Praise-worthy
that you will not be praised:
In my FORCED Silence of your
VIRTUES, the Public will find your
EULOGIUM.

I am,

With the greatest Respect,

Madam,

Your most obedient, and

Obliged humble Servant,

JOHN SEALLY.

**A N
A D D R E S S**

TO THE

R E A D E R.

MODERN NOVELS are either
so stupid as to disgust their
Readers, or so luxuriously written
as to inflame their Passions. To
free the Public from the tediousness
of the former, and the danger of
the latter, Moral Men ought to pre-
sent them with performances which,
though

though already known, are always *new* from the nature of their subject, and the agreeableness with which they are treated.

The *pleasing* united to the *useful* has a claim to the attention of an English Reader, who, through principle and choice, delights in the perusal of a *virtuous work* adorned with the graces of *style* and *wit*.

The scarcity of such books has been, is, and will be an encouragement to the libertine of the age to talk to the senses, and not to the reason of their readers. The approbation of the fools and demi-reps of
quality

quality is too much wished for : it is not for them I have made this entertaining and instructive collection of MORAL TALES. It is an antidote against the poison of immorality, too much prevailing in these days of dissipation and folly. To examples of vice we ought to oppose examples of virtue, that the men and women, whose hearts are yet uncorrupted, or open to remorse, may know by their contrast, the sentiments they should indulge, and the behaviour they should adopt.



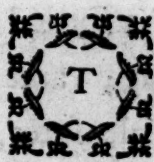
MORAL TALES

FROM THE

A R A B I A N.



USBECK AND FATIMA.

 HE fame of Usbeck lives
T through all the plains of
Erivan. There he drew the
bow of the mighty, and chased the ene-
mies of his faith over the frozen moun-
tains of the north.

VOL. I.

B

When

When Othman gave peace to the earth, Usbeck retired with his beloved Fatima to the palace of his ancestors, which was situated on the banks of Bosphorus, and commanding one of the most beautiful prospects in the world.

The palace of Usbeck stood upon a wide extended terrace, which overlooked the sea, and the opposite shores of Europe; a deep and noble grove sheltered it behind, and on each side hills and vallies diversified the enchanting scene. The gardens of the palace, though wild and irregular, yet afforded the most delightful retirement; and Usbeck found in its bosom, pleasures far superior to the splendid pageants of the Othman Court.

To

To encrease the bliss of this earthly paradise, his favourite fair-one had blessed him with two sons; and as Usbeck and Fatama sat under the shade of the lofty pines, their children wanted and sported on the plain before them.

The spirit of their father was seen in the lively contests of his sons. The happy pair saw their own virtues reflected from their children, and Usbeck having already earned this elegant retreat by the toils of war, was resolved to dedicate the rest of his days to the improvement of his beauteous offspring.

Fatima, though her charms were as yet undiminished by age, harboured not a wish in which her noble Usbeck was

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unconcerned ; all her joy was centered in Usbeck ; her heart rejoiced not but when Usbeck appeared, and her soul, uneasy at a moment's absence, panted after Usbeck her lord. The love of Usbeck equalled the affections of his beloved ; he gazed every hour with new transports upon her charms ;—none but Fatima engaged his thoughts, none but Fatima shared in his love.

The sons of Usbeck followed their father to the plains of Rezeb, where they strove for mastery in the race, and pointed their arrows at the distant mark. While Usbeck was drawing the bow-string to his breast, Soliman, his first born exclaimed, “ O my father,
“ a black cloud arises from the grove,
“ and

“ and flames of fire burst through its
“ sides !”

Usbeck quickly turned his eyes towards the wood, which sheltered the palace, and saw the sparks of fire and the flames ascending over the tops of the trees.

“ My children,” said Usbeck, with a firm countenance, “ fear not, continue your sports on the plain till I return : I will leave you four slaves, while the rest shall follow your father to this grove of fire.”

Though Usbeck was unwilling to terrify his children, he knew full well the misfortune which had befallen him. His palace was in flames, and the doat-

6 MORAL TALES,

ing husband hastened, with his slaves, to the relief of his beloved Fatima.

Usbeck first reached the burning palace. The slaves of the house, terrified at the fire, were flying to the woods. He commanded them back, and asked if Fatima was safe:

Seeing their consternation, he flew to the apartment of his beloved, which was situated in one of the inner courts; and though the devouring flames endeavoured to bar his passage, the firm Usbeck pressed through the fire, into the apartments of Fatima.

“ Fatima !” said Usbeck, “ My
“ beloved Fatima ! Where art thou ?”

Fatima answered not.

Usbeck

Usbeck lifted up his voice still higher, "Fatima!—my beloved Fatima! Where art thou?"

Fatima answered not.

Usbeck, though terrified at not discovering his beloved, yet searched every part of the *haram*, enquiring, "Where is my beloved Fatima?"

"Alas!" answered the domestics of Usbeck, "We know not; some slaves forced her from her apartments, as the flames ascended."

Then answered Usbeck, "blessed be my prophet, she is safe! But come, delay not your escape, the fire makes hasty strides upon us."

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The slaves were now all gathered together in a body, but four of their number were missing, besides those who continued with the sons of Usbeck on the plain. As little more could be rescued from the flames, Usbeck left only ten slaves about the palace to recover what they were able; the rest he sent into different parts of the grove, and to the villages around, to seek for their mistress, Fatima, and her slaves. Six he dismissed to the plains of Rezeb, commanding them, with their attendants, to join his sons, and seek some shelter and refreshment in a neighbouring village, and leaving orders for his beloved Fatima, if she was found, to retire to her children.

Usbeck

Usbeck then went through the most unfrequented paths, and into the loneliest parts of the wood, to seek his lost Fatima, calling upon her as he passed along, and pronouncing the names of his slaves that were missing. This he continued, 'till night had thrown her sable mantle o'er the earth, and he had encompassed his palace on every side for many miles, when he had resolved to turn again to his palace, and enquire of his slaves concerning his beloved Fatima.

He passed through the woods, guided by the red glare of light, which the clouds reflected from the fire, that had near consumed his mansion, and entering the farther part of the terrace, whereon

stood the few remains of his once elegant building.

The wreck of nature could not have disturbed Usbeck more, than the loss of his adorable wife. He doubted not but that the fire was kindled by those slaves, who had torn Fatima from his arms : and though he felt within himself the deepest affliction, his blood curdled with horror, when he reflected on the ten-fold distresses which beset the pure and spotless partner of his affections.

Having disposed of what effects his slaves had rescued from the flames, in a place of security, Usbeck hastened to the village where his children were assembled ; and, disguising the severer pangs

pangs he felt, endeavoured to assuage the grief of his fond family for the loss of their mother.

Several of Usbeck's friends soon joined him; and the relations of his wife offered to take care of his children, while he went in search of Fatima, and his villainous slaves.

Usbeck, with thankfulness, embraced the offer of Mepiki, the father of his beloved; and, having tenderly embraced his children, directed his steps towards the sea side, and crossed in one of his feluccas to the city of Constantinople.

No sooner was Othman seated on his throne in the Divan, than Usbeck fell
prostrate

prostrate before him. "My brave
 "soldier," said Othman, "arise."

"The world, Usbeck," continued
 the Sultan, "talks largely concerning
 "your happiness; and those who envy
 "not the Othman crown, yet pant after
 "the happy and peaceable retirement
 "of the fortunate Usbeck. Has Us-
 "beck, then, a wish ungratified, that
 "he comes thus an humble suppliant
 "at a monarch's feet?"

"The smiles of his prince," answered
 Usbeck, "are a soldier's glory, and
 "in the sunshine of those smiles, did
 "Usbeck live an envied life, till one
 "dark cloud interposed and blasted
 "the ripe fruit of Usbeck's joys."

"What

“ What means my Usbeck,” answered Othman.

“ Whilst I led my sons to the plain,” replied Usbeck, “ to teach them the
 “ duties which they owed their monarch,
 “ the flames seized my peaceful dwelling, and e’er I could return to the
 “ rescue of my beloved Fatima, four
 “ of my slaves had dragged her away,
 “ and I and my attendants have in vain
 “ been seeking her in the woods and
 “ plains that surrounds my habitation.
 “ Wherefore, O great and mighty
 “ Prince! I come a suppliant to thy
 “ throne, to ask redress.”

“ That,” answered Othman, “ brave
 “ foldier, thou shalt have. My Haffadar Baski shall pay thee twice the
 “ value

“ value of thine house. Thou shalt
“ have twenty of my slaves, and, as to
“ thy beloved, go where fancy leads
“ thee, and seek a new Fatima.”

The words of Othman were as the
arrows of death in the heart of Usbeck,
and he said, “ Let the hands of justice
“ overtake the robbers, and let the
“ power of my lord restore Fatima to
“ my arms.”

“ Fatima,” answered Othman, “ has
“ doubtless been so long in your slaves
“ possession, that she is e’er this con-
“ tented with her lot ; instead of being
“ the slave of one, she is now the mis-
“ tress of four. But why should a weak
“ female trouble the brave soldier’s
“ heart ? The chance of war gave
“ them

“ them to our arms, and as they change
 “ their lords, they change their love.”

As the blasted is torn by the thunder-bolt, so was the heart of Usbeck rent by the words of Othman : but he concealed the storm that shook his breast, and bowing to the earth he departed from the Divan.

He applied himself that day to enquire in the Bissisten, and public market-places, concerning the fate of Fatima and his four slaves ; and hearing no tidings of them there, he repaired to the water side, among the watermen ; but none could give him the least information of his much lamented Fatima.

The

The sorrows of Usbeck bore heavy on his heart; but they did not prevent him from making every possible enquiry on the opposite shores, both of Europe and Asia. Several months passed in a fruitless attempt to regain his unhappy Fatima, without the least discovery either of his slaves or manner of their escape.

The faithful Fatima, in the mean time, suffered still severer afflictions.

On the morning in which she was torn from her lord, she was seated on her sofa, with her slaves around her, when she heard from several quarters of the palace a cry of fire, and in an instant saw the blaze ascend in three different parts. All was confusion and distress,

distress, when four slaves broke in upon Fatima, and forced her out of the palace.

They flew with their prize to the extremity of the terrace, where a small galley, which was concealed by the trees, which over-shadowed the water, waited for her arrival.

The distracted Fatima was delivered over to an eunuch in the galley, who instantly threw a thick black veil over her head, and threatened to cast her into the sea, if she cried or resisted. The threats were vain, — Fatima feared no greater misfortune than the loss of Usbeck—and she filled the air with her lamentations. The eunuch finding his remonstrances unsuccessful, shut up the windows

windows of the galley, and urged the rowers to hasten away with their lovely captive.

Fatima, being enclosed in the galley, knew not to what shore she was carried, but e'er long, the vessel struck upon the ground, and ten black eunuchs entering the galley, they wrapped a covering of silk around her, and conveyed her away.

The beautiful wife of Usbeck lifted up her veil, as soon as she perceived the slaves withdraw, and found she was in an obscure room, the windows of which were guarded with iron bars. In one corner of the room stood a small pot of boiled rice, and beside it a pitcher of water. Fatima hastened to the door, but the slaves had made it fast from without.

without. Seeing all possibility of an escape taken from her, and not knowing where she was, the wretched Fatima threw herself on the earth, and with tears and sighs intermixed, poured forth her griefs.

Fatima vented her sighs undisturbed for several days, no one appearing but an old female mute, who daily brought her some boiled rice and a pitcher of water; which, though but scanty, was more than sufficient for the beauteous wife of Usbeck. During this interval, it was impossible for Fatima to guess at the meaning of her confinement; but finding no molestation, she began to bear her situation with more temper; though, like the turtle, her moans after Usbeck were every moment indulged, and

and her fears for her children renewed the horrors of her mind.

At length one of her own black slaves, who assisted in forcing her away, appeared. He was dressed in a green robe, and wore a yellow turban on his head. As he entered the room Fatima retired as far as she was able; but he, with an horrid grin, advanced, and seized her by the arm. The beautiful Fatima, finding herself in the power of her own slave, shrieked aloud, and filled the room with her cries; but he, regardless of her tears, or her entreaties, in a rough and determined tone, acquainted her with his love, and that he intended to make her his mistress. At these words Fatima redoubled her cries, and the slave proceeded to press her in
his

his arms, when in an instant a number of eunuchs rushed into the apartment, and seizing the black slave, delivered Fatima from his embraces.

The wife of Usbeck was astonished at this new scene,—but her heart soon returned to its former fears, when she beheld the mighty Othman approach.

“ Let that slave,” said the Sultan, “ repay with his life, the injury he has done to this perfection of beauty.”

The distressed Fatima hearing the command of Othman, fell at the feet of her prince, and said :

“ Lord

“ Lord of thy slaves, whom Alla
“ has sent to the relief of the distressed,
“ behold the handmaid of thy servant
“ Usbeck before thee. As Usbeck,
“ mighty prince, was teaching his sons
“ to walk in the paths of their father,
“ four of his slaves having set fire to
“ his dwelling, rushed into the haran,
“ and bore me away to a galley, in
“ which, throwing a blind over me,
“ they conveyed me to this wretched
“ hut, where, till to-day, I have been
“ indulged in my silent woes. But a
“ few moments passed that base slave
“ entered, whom I suspect to be the
“ author of my misfortunes, and was
“ about to compel me to bear his loath-
“ some embrace, when the guards of
“ my lord rushed in, and preserved
“ me from his wicked attempt. Where-
“ fore,

“fore, O mighty Othman, permit thy
 “slave to depart, and if it pleases thee,
 “gracious prince, let a few of these,
 “my deliverers, convey me from this
 “slave’s house, to Ulbeck thy servant.”

As Fatima uttered these words, Othman made a sign to his eunuchs to withdraw, and taking the lovely Fatima by the hand, he bid her rise.

“Beauteous Fatima,” said Othman,
 “I am pleased at your artless tale, yet
 “are you much deceived, you are not
 “in a slave’s house, fair mistress of
 “my heart, but in the garden of thy
 “Othman’s seraglio.”

At these words the countenance of Fatima changed, a deadly paleness overspread

spread her cheeks, and she fell to the earth, as a flower cut off from its root by the stormy wind. Although Othman called immediate assistance, it was long before they could restore motion and life to the miserable Fatima, who, as soon as she beheld the countenance of Othman, again sunk to the earth.

After some time, when the distressed Fatima was a little recovered, Othman thus began.

“ It is beneath the Lord of the Uni-
“ verse to disguise his thoughts, or to
“ wear a countenance which accords not
“ with his heart. no, my much loved
“ Fatima, hypocrisy is the portion of
“ slaves. The sun knows no shadow,
“ and Asia’s monarch knows no re-
“ striction

“ striction. Wherefore Fatima shall
 “ not any longer feel the torture of a
 “ doubt, or the shackles of fear.”

“ Know then, lovely fair one, that I
 “ was jealous of my slave Usbeck, who
 “ boasted joys superior to those which
 “ attended his sovereign, and I issued
 “ forth the law of my mind, that he
 “ should be cut off for his presump-
 “ tion. While my guards were mak-
 “ ing ready to obey my commands,
 “ I considered that death alone was not
 “ an adequate recompense for his folly,
 “ and therefore I determined to add
 “ suspense to the tortures which the
 “ rebel had merited at my hands. For
 “ this purpose, I gave orders to corrupt
 “ some of his servants, who were to

“ fire his dwelling, and to bring his
 “ boasted Fatima to my seraglio.—Not
 “ that I intended, beauteous woman,
 “ to exalt thee to my notice.—No.—
 “ The wife of Usbeck was not an ob-
 “ ject for Othman to stoop to. How-
 “ ever, having heard that you also
 “ gloried in your Usbeck, I resolved
 “ that you should live confined in an
 “ ignominious hut, and on the coarsest
 “ food for some days; which being
 “ executed, I commanded one of your
 “ slaves to make you subservient to
 “ his will. My anger was so hot
 “ against you, that I did not consider
 “ this as an ample revenge, unless I
 “ was an eye witness to your distress.
 “ For this purpose a secret stand was
 “ contrived for me behind this hut,
 “ where

“ where I could, unobserved, behold
 “ all that passed. Hither I came, with
 “ the slave, just in time to see him
 “ enter before you. But O, lovely
 “ Fatima! what was my emotion,
 “ when I beheld the charms which I
 “ was about to sacrifice to my resent-
 “ ment.

“ The moment I saw your irresisti-
 “ ble beauties, I vowed the miscreant
 “ should die, who even in thought had
 “ attempted to profane your charms.
 “ I made a sign for my eunuchs to rush
 “ in and seize him, and e’er this, his
 “ accursed blood is poured on the
 “ earth, as an atonement for his daring
 “ arrogance!

“ But this is not all that Othman
“ will do for the mistress of his heart;
“ and the happy Fatima may rejoice
“ that the presumption of Usbeck was
“ not unnoticed by his lord. Your
“ short troubles, O Fatima, have been
“ productive of the greatest joy your
“ sex can feel; for know that you have
“ engaged the affection of the mighty
“ Othman, and he who will not depart
“ from the words of his lips, doth here
“ call Mahomet to witness, that Oth-
“ man will make his amiable Fatima
“ the Sultana of his heart.”

The tender Fatima was overcome
with the words of Othman, and she sunk
into the arms of the chief of the eu-
nuchs, who stood behind her.

“ Dou-

“Doubor,” said Othman, “I per-
 ceive Fatima’s joy has overpowered
 her. While she is in the trance of
 happiness, too great for her mortal
 nature to live under, let her be con-
 veyed to the richest apartments of the
 seraglio, where the favourites of our
 race enjoy the converse of their lords ;
 and let all homage be paid to her,
 who is destined to share in the plea-
 sures of Othman.”

While Doubor, and the rest of the
 eunuchs, waited to perform the will of
 their prince, Othman returned to the
 seraglio, and entered the baths, and af-
 terwards arrayed himself in his most
 sumptuous robes.

The lovely Fatima opened her eyes on the magnificent apartment into which she had been conveyed. And when she beheld the mutes standing on each side of her, the fair female slaves falling prostrate in two rows before the steps of the sofa, and the eunuchs with folded arms and downcast eyes, at a distance, she shrieked aloud, and clasping her hands together in wild despair, cried out, "O, Usbeck, Usbeck, save me from this pompous horror!"

She then, in frantic haste, tore off the magnificent bracelets of diamonds, which, during her fainting, had been attached to her ivory wrists, and the costly zone of rubies which adorned her waist; the pearls and the emeralds which hung on her snow white bosom, and

and looking on herself, " If I have any
 " thing," said she " that may tempt
 " the lawless tyrant to injure Usbeck's
 " love, thus will I sacrifice it to our
 " mutual truth !"

As she spake these words, she
 fastened her delicate hands on her
 cheeks, and before the eunuch (who
 instantly ran towards her, to prevent
 her intentions) could seize her, she had
 marked her features with streams of
 blood.

The disappointed Othman could no
 longer contain himself, but he entered
 the apartment just as the blood was
 starting from the lovely cheeks of the
 wife of Usbeck.

“ Slaves, said he, your lives shall answer this neglect; your base folly has robbed me of all my joys. Behold my Fatima is defiled with blood, and Othman must abstain from her embrace. But if these deserve death, what torture should await the wretched and foolish she, who presumes to value the caresses of a slave, when the mighty Othman hath received her into the seraglio of his pleasures?”

“ Alas! mighty prince,” said the distracted Fatima, falling at his feet, “ who can absolve the plighted vow? or, ———

“ Polluted slave!” said Othman, starting from her, “ defile not my garments

" ments with thy touch, nor mine ears
 " with thy rebellion. For three days
 " shall I leave thee, till thou art washed
 " from the stains of this frantic deed ;
 " at the end of which time, either pre-
 " pare to receive my careffes, or expect
 " to fee the head of Ufbeck blackening
 " in the fun, before the windows of thy
 " feraglio."

At thefe words, the incensed Othman
 left the faithful Fatima weeping on the
 ground, and retired to a different part
 of the palace. But gave orders that
 the chief of his eunuchs fhould attend
 her, to fee that ſhe was purified from
 the ſtain of her rebellious deed.

The difconſolate Fatima gave herſelf
 up to perpetual grief, and refuſed to

taste the delicacies that were set before her, although Doubor on his knees besought her to consider the dreadful consequences of offending his lord. To these remonstrances Fatima answered little, her mind was too full of the mighty ills which she suffered, and she could conceive nothing more dreadful than the embraces of Othman.

“ O, my lady !” said the trembling eunuch, “ it is to the intercession of
“ Elar, the father of thy lord, that
“ Doubor owes the spirit which en-
“ livens him : When Elar, the father
“ of Usbeck, fought by the side of
“ Mahomet, his Lord, on the confines
“ of Silavonia, and the inhabitants of
“ Zagrab fled before him, I was left
“ an helpless infant in the care of the
“ slaves

“ slaves of Elar, who, after the return
 “ of the army from pursuing their
 “ enemies, presented me to Elar.

“ Elar, perceiving a liveliness in my
 “ looks, sent the slave with me to Ma-
 “ homet, who gave orders that I should
 “ be admitted into his seraglio; and
 “ one of the first things I learned there,
 “ was this history, from the mouth of
 “ a slave, who was appointed to be my
 “ nurse. Whereupon, be not surprized,
 “ O beauteous Fatima, at my affection
 “ for Usbeck, the son of my Lord
 “ Elar, by whose generous intercession
 “ I became a servant of Mahomet;
 “ and was afterwards, by the favour of
 “ the mighty Othman, exalted to this
 “ post of confidence and honour.”

“ If you mean to serve me, Doubor,”
 said the lovely Fatima, “ (though
 “ much I suspect the integrity of your
 “ tale) lead me this instant out of the
 “ seraglio, and waft me over to the
 “ dwelling of Usbeck my lord.”

“ What !” answered Doubor, “ is
 “ Fatima such a stranger to the watch-
 “ ful keepers of this seraglio, that she
 “ supposes it possible for any one to
 “ escape unobserved, through the va-
 “ rious guards which surround it ?”

“ Is this, base Doubor,” answered
 Fatima, “ your promised comfort, that
 “ you officiously come to certify me of
 “ my ruin ?”

“ It

"It were hard," answered Doubor,
 the chief of the eunuchs, "to con-
 "demn the fierce courser because he
 "cannot fly without the assistance of
 "the earth whereon he bounds; or to
 "extirpate the olive-tree, because it
 "bears not lucious clusters of the vine.
 "Although Doubor is unable to re-
 "lease the fair Fatima, yet he may
 "find some expedient to drive off the
 "completion of Othman's designs."

"Ah, faithful Doubor," said Fa-
 tima, (convinced of her injudicious
 hastiness) "forgive the wild fallies
 "of a distempered mind. — I am con-
 "vinced of your kind intentions, and
 "I will wait with impatience to hear
 "your instruction and advice."

— The

“The great foible of Othman,” replied the chief of the eunuchs, “is pride, and even his love is subservient to the haughtiness of his soul.”

“If so,” answered Fâtima, interrupting him, “I will tempt his utmost anger, and merit his contempt. I will sting his proud heart with taunts, and revilings, and force him to cast me forth to public scorn.”

“Alas!” answered Doubor, “you know not, beauteous Fatima, the fury of Othman; such a behaviour would irritate him to invent new torments for Usbeck, through whom he knows the heart of Fatima is soonest wounded. No.—My lovely
—mistress,

“mistress, you must adopt far other
 “arts, if you mean to preserve your-
 “self unhurt in this impregnable serag-
 “lio. While Othman thinks you love
 “Usbeck, no concessions of yours will
 “please him.”

“O Doubor,” said Fatima, “where
 “will your advice end?”

“Fear not, constant Fatima,” an-
 “swered the chief of eunuchs, “I seek
 “to deliver you even from the horrors
 “of your own imagination. In the
 “wide ocean is a large island, sur-
 “rounded by inaccessible rocks and
 “deceitful quicksands; in the centre
 “of which, from a rising ground, runs
 “a small spring, whose waters are of
 “such a nature that whoever drinks
 “ of

“ of them immediately forgets what-
 “ ever has passed before in the course
 “ of their lives : but these waters are
 “ beset with such insurmountable diffi-
 “ culties, that no one hath ever been
 “ able to draw of that stream, though
 “ thousands have perished in the under-
 “ taking.

“ When Othman, then, next enters,
 “ lovely Fatima, into these apartments,
 “ appear submissive and humble before
 “ him ; and when he presses you to ac-
 “ cept his love, promise to yield to his
 “ desires, on one condition, that he
 “ procures for you the *Waters of Obli-*
 “ *vion*, that you may forget all your
 “ converse with Usbeck, and be made
 “ fit to receive the conqueror of the
 “ earth.”

“ Ah

“ Ah Dourbor ! Dourbor ! ” answered Fatima, “ how can I prevail upon myself, even in deceit, to speak so disrespectfully of Usbeck, the beloved of my soul ! O Usbeck, may I be indeed the tyrant’s mistress, when my base heart forgets its lovely union with Usbeck its lord.”

“ Consider, faithful consort of Usbeck,” answered Dourbor, “ what otherwise may be your doom ; better it is to speak in terms of disgrace of Usbeck, than to disgrace his love, by suffering the wild effects of Qthman’s desires.”

“ O Dourbor,” said Fatima, “ I had much rather submit to every ill, than have

“ have my heart strings broke by his
 “ hated embrace.”

“ I had not dared to have staid thus
 “ long at the feet of Fatima,” answered
 Doubor, “ unless Othman had sent me
 “ to soften your heart. I will now re-
 “ turn, and prepare him to be deceived;
 “ by the request of his sultana.”

“ Ah Doubor,” said Fatima, “ if
 “ you mean to serve me, never again
 “ let me hear that detested name ! Sul-
 “ tana to me is a sound more shocking
 “ than poverty and contempt can
 “ frame !

The chief of the eunuchs bowed to
 the earth, and withdrew from the pre-
 sence of Fatima.

the

The mind of Fatima was so greatly eased by the devices of Doubor, that on the third day she suffered the slaves to adorn her, and partook of the delicacies which were set before her.

In the evening, the slaves of the seraglio announced the approach of Othman; and as he entered, the beauteous wife of Usbeck fell with her face to the earth,

“ Fatima,” said Othman, “ let me know, e’er you rise from the earth, to the blissful paradise of these arms, whether you have well weighed the difference between a slave’s love, and a monarch’s favour; or is it necessary to compel you to be happy?”

“ Light

"Light of the faithful, and lord of
 "the earth," answered the prostrated
 Fatima, "the preference you have
 "shewn an object unworthy of your
 "notice, can never be sufficiently ac-
 "knowledged by your slave. But, O
 "my lord, mention not the mighty
 "honour you mean to confer upon me,
 "lest my dazzled fancy totters with
 "the towering thought, and my over-
 "charged reflection sink into the long
 "slumbers of eternal night."

"Blessed and unexpected change!"
 said the transported Othman, raising up
 the trembling Fatima in haste, "what
 "were those sweet words that were suf-
 "fered to fall so soon to the earth?
 "words valuable as the wide empire
 "that I hold. Repeat them, beau-
 "teous

“teous Fatima, ten thousand times in
 “mine ears, and ask your own reward
 “for the sweet labour I have imposed
 “upon you.”

“But will the mighty Othman con-
 “sent to one request of his slave?—
 “will he bear with his Fatima in one
 “petition, in which her happiness is
 “concerned?”

“Ah, Fatima,” said Othman, start-
 ing, “beware of all past reflection, for
 “if the hated Usbeck be the subject
 “of thy request, thou shalt indeed be
 “cast to infamy and scorn.”

“There is, my lord,” said Fatima,
 “as I have been informed, a spring,
 “whose waters are of such a nature,
 “that

" that whoever drinks of them imme-
 " diately forgets whatever has passed
 " before in their whole lives. Let my
 " lord then swear unto his slave, e'er
 " he takes me to his arms, he will pro-
 " cure her a draught of that pleasant
 " stream, and then Fatima shall be
 " wholly, both body and mind, the
 " slave of Othman's desires. —"

" Rather," said Othman, " the mis-
 " tress of his heart. Yes, lovely Fa-
 " tima, I will swear by Mahomet, our
 " holy Prophet, never to enjoy the
 " embraces of my Fatima, till I have
 " procured you a taste of that stream,
 " provided you can find any one with-
 " in two days, who can describe to me
 " the place where it rises."

At

At these words Othman left the fair Fatima, inwardly rejoicing at the success of Doubor's advice, and hastened to call unto him the sage Balobor, who was acquainted with every natural production of the earth.

While Othman was in search of the waters of oblivion, the gentle Fatima was in secret praising the bounteous Alla, who had, for a time, preserved her from the tyrant's will.

The next morning the sage Balobor appeared in the presence of Othman, and said,

"The waters of oblivion, O mighty Othman, are preserved by a watchful race of Genii, in a wide extended
" island,

“ island, in the southern parts of the
 “ Pacific Ocean. The island itself is
 “ fortified with inaccessible precipices,
 “ and pointed rocks; and around it
 “ are spread insidious quick-sands, to
 “ prevent the approach of any vessel,
 “ and which sink with the weight of
 “ those who attempt to venture upon
 “ them. What dangers surround the
 “ the spring, which is situated in the
 “ centre of the island, none can tell;
 “ for although thousands have at-
 “ tempted to seek after it, none have
 “ ever succeeded, but destruction has
 “ overwhelmed them in the presump-
 “ tuous pursuit of it”

At the words of the sage Balobor,
 the countenance of Othman was over-
 cast with frowns; and the tempest which
 raged

raged in his breast strove for utterance in his face: but the disappointed monarch endeavoured to conceal his discontent, and retired from the apartment whither Balobor had been ordered to attend.

Othman, vexed and enraged at the contrivance of Fatima, hastened to the seraglio, meditating vengeance on Usbeck and his wife. But as he went, a thought glanced across his imagination, and he stopped to pause on the malice his heart was framing against the innocent victims of his wrath.

Othman commanded his guards to bring Usbeck before him, not by compulsion, but to consult with him, as

one who had formerly experienced the favours of his lord.

The Janissaries found the melancholy Usbeck in the village, whither his children had retired from the flames of his palace. They shewed him the signet of Othman, and required his immediate attendance: and having brought the wretched Usbeck into the presence of Othman, retired.

“ Brave soldier,” said Othman, “ say,
 “ were Othman again to take the field,
 “ would Usbeck head-long plunge into
 “ the rapid stream? Would he, laden
 “ with war’s heavy trophies, again
 “ climb the rugged precipice, or sleep
 “ on beds of snow, or stand undaunted
 in

“ in the bloody struggles of contend-
“ ing armies ?”

“ Yes, Omighty Othman,” said Us-
beck, “ at thy command, this arm
“ should fix the standard of our faith
“ on Russia’s frozen bounds, or on the
“ burning sands of Africk’s distant
“ shore.”

“ Fail not, generous Usbeck,” an-
swered Othman, “ to be present; and
“ I will, in the sight of my whole
“ court, require some one to stand
“ forth, and undertake a voyage in
“ quest of the waters of oblivion,
“ which are guarded by every natural
“ barrier, and the united efforts of a
“ race of evil Genii. Then, when a
“ tame silence follows my proposal,

“and the base courtiers hang their
“coward heads, my brave Usbeck
“shall arise, and challenge to himself
“the glorious undertaking.”

Usbeck bowed at the words of Othman, and said, “Lord of the Faithful,
“far be it from Usbeck to prove unworthy of his master’s love.”

The artful prince, having thus prepossessed the mind of Usbeck, went not into the apartment of Fatima, but waited, with great solicitude, the arrival of the succeeding day.

As the all-diffusive light of morn appeared, Othman arose, impatient till the hour of public audience came; when, being seated on his throne, amid
the

the nobles of his court, and seeing his faithful Usbeck at the extremity of the divan, he thus began his deceitful speech.

“ Nobles, and warriors, who by
 “ your councils and exploits in arms,
 “ cast various lustres on my throne,
 “ say, where shall Othman find that
 “ brave resolved heart, who will en-
 “ gage to procure for him the waters
 “ of oblivion, which are preserved in
 “ a far distant isle, defended by quick-
 “ sands, monstrous rocks, the perils of
 “ the waters, and flames of fire:—
 “ Genii are its guardians, and all na-
 “ ture is combined to save it from
 “ man’s possession.

D 3

“ Such

“ Such an acquisition, my nobles
“ and warriors, would manifest to all
“ the earth the superiority of your
“ monarch, and the bravery of his sub-
“ jects. Who is there then among
“ your ranks who dare hope to add
“ such lustre to my throne, and such
“ honour, to himself. But speak not,
“ nobles and warriors, unless a fixed
“ resolve attend your speech. To un-
“ dertake, and not succeed would
“ wither, rather than increase the lau-
“ rels we have already won in arms.
“ Wherefore, be these the terms on which
“ the noble adventurer issues forth.

“ Let him be sworn not to turn back
“ till he has the water in his possession.
“ Let him also forfeit his life, if he
“ goes not in search of this water,
“ e’er

“ e’er the remainder of this moon be
“ worn away.”

As Othman left off speaking, a general silence succeeded, and the eyes of all were turned upon Usbeck. — The noble Usbeck perceiving no one offer, stood up, and advanced toward the throne.

“ Descendant of Mahomet, and Lord
“ of thy creatures,” said Usbeck, bowing before Othman, “ behold the hand
“ of thy slave is prepared to execute
“ the desires of thy heart; and here I
“ swear, in this august assembly, never
“ to turn back till I have procured
“ the waters of oblivion, and e’er three
“ days be passed, shall the face of Usbeck be set forward to encounter

“ the dangers that furround the fountain of oblivion.”

“ Thanks, noble Usbeck,” said Othman aloud, “ thanks for this proffered service, which my nobles feared to undertake. And thus I swear, before the face of heaven, that when Usbeck returns, I will make either him, or one of his family, the second in honour throughout my dominions.”

The beguiled Usbeck understood not the base meaning of his lord, but fell at his feet, and kissed the earth whereon Othman stood.

The chief of the eunuchs seeing the noble Usbeck in the divan, passed by his

his side as he was retiring, and whispered,

“Wait a few moments, much injured Usbeck, and I will convey into your hands the words of comfort.”

Usbeck was astonished, and now his heart began to misgive him, and tumults arose in his breast. Before the croud were dissipated from the divan, the eunuch slipped a note into Usbeck's bosom, and the much afflicted warrior retired with it to the rocks, which are behind the city, and there read as follows :

“Doubor, who oweth his life to the generous interposition of thy father—
“Elar, is distressed for his friend: alas!

D. 5

“noble

“ noble Usbeck, thy Fatima is in the
“ royal seraglio, and Othman is——
“ what my pen dare not write ! He
“ alone, who has undertaken to procure
“ waters of oblivion, is able to enter
“ the seraglio of Othman. Doubor
“ has no command from without ; but
“ should Usbeck pass unobserved by the
“ Janissaries, and scale the wall of the
“ eastern part of the gardens, Doubor
“ will this night watch his approach,
“ and convey him to the apartments
“ of the wretched Fatima. May Alla
“ forbid that the life which Elar saved
“ should be sacrificed by the impru-
“ dence of Usbeck !”

Usbeck immediately determined on attempting to enter the seraglio, and returned to the city, in order to procure
such

such things as might be necessary to assist him in this enterprize.

After having surmounted innumerable difficulties, and by various means evaded the watchful eyes of the Janissaries that guarded every avenue; he at length arrived at the garden of the seraglio, where, concealed behind a thicket, he met with Doubor, the chief of the eunuchs, who instructed him in the manner of gaining access to his beloved Fatima.

“ Noble Usbeck,” said the chief of the eunuchs, “ let us repair to thy beloved Fatima; yet before we leave this thicket, let me help you to dress yourself in the habit of a mute, as the garments are hidden here.”

Usbeck

Usbeck stripping himself, left those of his own concealed in the thicket, and putting on the habit of a mute, followed Doubor toward the apartments of his adorable Fatima. Doubor advancing, made a sign for the eunuchs which were placed at the gates to retire, and entering, he bid his mute to follow. The joy of Usbeck, at the thoughts of again viewing his beloved; and his fears, lest any unfortunate disaster should discover him, raised alternate storms in his breast; but the mighty warrior concealed in his countenance the strong passions which seized his heart.

Having passed through several galleries, the chief of the eunuchs arrived at the apartments of the beautiful Fatima,

tima, and was about to enter, when he perceived the royal sandals at the door.

Doubor started back at the sight.

“ O, Mahomet !” said he in a whisper, “ Othman is risen in the dead of night, and entered the apartments of the injured Fatima.”

The words of Doubor were as deadly poison to the heart of Usbeck; the cold hand of death chill'd his astonish'd blood, and his weak nature could scarcely sustain the mighty shock.

As the miserable Usbeck poured forth his griefs in the bosom of his friend, the affrighted Doubor pressed his hand, and covered him with the folds of his garment,

garment, that the voice of the wretched Usbeck might not pierce the walls of the apartment, and raise the suspicion of Othman. But his utmost efforts could not prevent the sighs of Usbeck, whose wounded and afflicted soul was as the wearied boar of the forest, when pierced with the darts and javelins of a thousand hunters.

In the midst of his sighs the door opened, Othman came forth, and Usbeck leaving the bosom of Doubor, fell with his face toward the earth.

“Doubor,” said the grand sultan,
 “where hast thou been?—and where
 “are thy guards?—Who is that mute
 “whom thou didst cherish in thy bo-
 “som?—

“som?—and why art thou here in the
“dark noon of night?

“Lord of Princes,” answered Dou-
bor, “when my master retired to his
“sofa, I went to examine the guard
“of eunuchs, and to see that thy slaves
“were faithful to their trust; and at
“my return, perceiving that my lord
“was arisen, I called this mute to me,
“as I was unwilling to disturb my
“sultan with the feet of his guards,
“and followed thee to the apartments
“of the ever-blooming Fatima. But
“as I tarried here, waiting, lest my lord
“should have any commands for his
“slave to execute, the poor mute fell
“sick, and in pity I took him to my
“bosom.—Having learned the kindness
“which my lord shews his slaves, I
“endea-

64 MORAL TALES,

“endeavourd to imitate to the utmost
“of my poor ability, the bright vir-
“tues of the favourite of Alla.”

“Doubor,” said Othman, “I com-
“mend your care: but since the slave
“is ill, let him be sent to Fatima to
“nurse; as the haughty fair one de-
“spises my condescending love; and
“the embraces of Othman, are grievi-
“ous to the slave of Usbeck. Where-
“fore, Doubor, see you place this slave
“on the sofa of Fatima, and let her
“fancy him her lover, till she flings
“her proud arms around him, and
“call him Usbeck and her lord.”

No sooner was Othman gone, than
the chief of the eunuchs raised up
Usbeck, and said,

“Permit

“ Permit me, O fortunate Usbeck,
 “ to go first to Fatima, and prepare her
 “ delicate frame for your reception, lest
 “ the strong tide of returning happi-
 “ ness overpower her nature, and faint-
 “ ness, or death, again snatch her from
 “ the embrace of her husband.”

The tender Usbeck acquiesced in the
 reasons of the chief of the eunuchs,
 and Douror hastened to impart to Fa-
 tima the arrival of her faithful and af-
 fectionate Usbeck.

After a few minutes, Douror re-
 turned and introduced Usbeck into the
 apartments of the astonished Fatima.
 As the happy Fatima beheld the fea-
 tures of her lord under the disguise of a
 mute, she sprang forward — her eyes
 enlivened.

enlivened by the transports of her heart, and with a fond surprize, half fearful, half over-joyed, she pressed him in her arms.

“ O. fond and constant Fatima,” said Usbeck, “ how has my heart
“ fought thee in solitude, and found
“ thee not !—Ah ! what have I said in
“ the fullests of my heart ! Othman is
“ now the master of Fatima, and per-
“ haps I am enfolded in those arms,
“ which are yet stained with the em-
“ braces of Othman.”——

“ Unjust and cruel Usbeck,” replied the fond Fatima, “ how has thine
“ heart invented the accusations of
“ falsehood ! Can I, O ! Usbeck, be
“ false to my lord ! Had Fatima a
“ wish

“ wish in which her Usbeck held not
“ the chief account ?”

“ But how, O Fatima,” said the
suspicious Usbeck, “ how has female
“ weakness been capable of resisting
“ the glittering tyranny of Othman ?
“ who, if he failed to draw thee to
“ his purposes by the costly parade of
“ his seraglio, could yet compel thee
“ to receive his embraces.”

“ Lovely master of my thoughts,”
answered Fatima, “ our prophet hath
“ heard my prayer. The generous
“ and grateful Doubor hath whispered
“ in my ears the words of consolation ;
“ and by his advice, whom Elar, thy
“ father, preserved from destruction,
“ hath

“hath Fatima triumphed over the
“wiles of Othman.”

“Alas ! noble Usbeck,” said Dou-
bor, interposing, “the wary Sultan
“hath turned our toils upon ourselves;
“and we are caught in the snare which
“was laid for the foot of Othman.”

“The prince, when he found your
“request would prevent him for a
“long season, from using force to
“compel you, cast about how he
“might make your imagined security
“as irksome to yourself as it was mor-
“tifying to himself ; and therefore he
“has engaged thy unsuspected lord,
“by a firm oath, to seek for him the
“waters of oblivion, and never to re-
“turn to the Othman empire, till he
“brings

“ brings with him the waters of that
“ inaccessible fountain.”

“ What !” said the affrighted Fa-
tima, “ what are the words which have
“ escaped the lips of Doubor ! Look on
“ me, O Usbeck, thou much injured
“ lord ! Look on her, who by a mean
“ device, hath heaped eternal afflictions
“ on thy heart ! O ! curse on this
“ tongue, on this heart, on this head,
“ which have all been the wretched in-
“ struments of Usbeck’s banishment !
“ Ah ! Doubor ! see you not the
“ tongue of the adder !—see you not
“ the flames which lie beneath the ver-
“ dant surface of the burning Santorini ?

“ O, Usbeck, Usbeck ! rather let
“ me run to Othman, and satisfy his
“ brutal

“brutal appetite, than that Usbeck
“should wander amid ten thousand
“deaths. The treacherous sands, my
“love, will sink with you,—evil genii
“will hurl you from the summit of
“their rocks,—your carcase will be
“cast upon an unknown shore,—the
“vultures of the air, and the monsters
“of the deep, shall seize you as their
“prey,—while the wild ungoverned
“Othman, fearless of thy arm, shall
“ravage the poor remains of thy Fa-
“tima’s beauty.”

“Rather,” said Usbeck, shall this
“arm hurl instant vengeance on the
“tyrant’s head, and all the blood of
“Othman perish, than ever Fatima
“shall be stained with Othman’s un-
“hallowed touch.”

It

It was in vain that Doubor attempted to interrupt the vehemence of Usbeck and his faithful consort: forgetful of themselves, or of the hazard of their friendly eunuch, they folded each other in mutual embraces, and seemed resolved that nothing more should part them.

The distressed eunuch, finding every remonstrance in vain, departed, and hastened to the chambers of the sultan.

Usbeck and Fatima, without perceiving the chief of the eunuchs had left them, continued entranced in each others arms, and calling Alla and Mahomet to witness their mutual constancy and truth, when the doors were burst open.

open, the guards of the seraglio entered, and seized on the unhappy pair.

Usbeck, unmindful of himself, endeavoured to defend himself, and though oppressed by numbers, yet he fell upon the eunuch who held his Fatima, and felled him to the ground. But the resistance of Usbeck was in vain; the guards parted him from his adorable Fatima, and loaded him with chains.

As soon as Usbeck was secured by the guards, the chief of the eunuchs appeared at the door of the apartment.

“Slaves,” said he aloud, “is the
“vile miscreant Usbeck, who hath en-
“tered the sacred walls of Othman’s
“seraglio, seized?”

“He

“ He is, great Doubor,” answered the guards.—“ The chain of death is
“ upon him, and we wait but your
“ commands to send his soul among
“ those who rebel against their prince.”

“ Hold, slave,” replied Doubor,
“ and secure him unhurt, till the
“ mighty Othman approach.”

That instant the music of the seraglio sounded, and Doubor, the chief of the eunuchs, perceiving that Othman was near, hastened to receive him.

“ Prince of my life,” said the chief of the eunuchs, as the royal Othman came forward with the deadly frown on his brow, “ thy slaves have secured the
“ enemy of thy peace.

“Faithful Doubor,” replied Othman, “I commend thy zeal: but
“where is this vile miscreant, who pre-
“sumes to invade the recesses of Oth-
“man’s seraglio?”

“Here, tyrant,” said the stern Usbeck, “if the oppressor dare look upon
“his injured——

The guards who had secured Usbeck, perceiving by his speech that he meant to insult their sultan, stopped with their hands all further utterance, and gagged him with a bit of iron.

The wretched Fatima seeing her lord in such distress, broke from the guards (who held her but slightly, fearing the same fate which befel the black slave,
should

should Othman relent) and clasping the much injured Usbeck in her arms :

“ Vile slaves,” said she, “ unhand
“ my lord.”

As the wild Fatima uttered these words, the guards and Doubor stood in fixed amazement, fearing to interpose, or use the fair one roughly, and yet alarmed at her bold speech.—Nor was the sultan less confounded than his guards ; each word she uttered stung him to the soul, and yet her glowing beauties enlivened her distress, and the tumultuous workings of her lovely frame, so strongly affected Othman, that his lips refused to give forth the commands of his heart. But seeing the beauteous Fatima endeavouring to

embrace her lord, his fury returned,
and he cried aloud,

“ Base eunuch, secure the mad fe-
“ male from polluting herself with
“ that wretch she dares prefer to Oth-
“ man. And slaves,” continued the
enraged sultan, “ your lives shall an-
“ swer for the great neglect, in not de-
“ stroying the rebellious Usbeck.”

The chief of the eunuchs having se-
cured the distressed Fatima, gave her
into the custody of the eunuchs, and
then he commanded the guards to put
the bow-string upon Usbeck.

The wild, miserable Fatima, at sight
of the bow-string, screamed aloud, and
fell into the arms of the eunuchs :—
her

her fixed eyes were dilated with madness, and her teeth shook with agonies of death.

Othman saw the affecting change with wild emotion, and fearful lest the soul of Fatima should wing her flight, ordered the slaves to release Usbeck from the bow-string.

The attempts of Doubor and his attendants were vain.—Fatima continued entranced, and Othman in despair ordered Usbeck to be released, that he might endeavour to recover his Fatima from her alarming trance.

As soon as the guards had unbound Usbeck, and released his mouth, they

E 3 signified

signified to him the sultan's orders, and led him toward the motionless Fatima.

The sultan retired, and Doubor hastened to meet his lord.

After a long struggle with contending passions, "I mean not, Doubor," said the distracted prince, "to destroy the doating wretch, through whom alone (such has been thy master's folly) must Othman hope to reach the beauties of his Fatima."

"Alas!" replied Doubor, the chief of the eunuchs, "thy slave doth oft reflect upon the oath which robs my sultan of the haughty fair one."

"Yet,

" Yet, Doubor, think not," continued Othman, " that, Christian-like, I
 " mean to break my faith, where inter-
 " rest or occasion tempt; no, I have
 " bound this happy and luxurious
 " Usbek to draw his own destruction
 " from the fountains of oblivion.—
 " And now, if he fails to execute his
 " vow, his life is justly forfeited,
 " and Fatima at our own disposal.
 " Wherefore, Doubor, let a ship be
 " prepared to convey him to that dis-
 " tant island, where the waters of
 " oblivion are concealed."

" Lord of the Othman race" answered Doubor, " I shall haste to obey
 " your will, nevertheless, if the weak-
 " ness of Doubor's understanding might
 " be permitted to unfold itself in the

“ fight of my prince, I would wish my
 “ lord appointed some one, on whom
 “ he might depend, as master of the
 “ ship in which the rebel Usbeck sails.

“ For well thou knowest, mighty
 “ father of Musselmen, that Usbeck is
 “ beloved in the army, and the admirals
 “ of the fleet look upon him with par-
 “ tial eyes. Was it not, O! light of
 “ the world, in the insurrection of the
 “ Jannissaries, in the month of Muhar-
 “ ren, that Usbeck only was sufficient
 “ to appease the tumult. He then
 “ was faithful to his lord; but now he
 “ leaves Fatima in my lord’s possession
 “ I fear his fierce and unconquerable
 “ soul may easily be led aside from his
 “ obedience.”

“ Then,

“ Then, Doubor,” answered Othman, “ let him perish ; for I will have
 “ no rival in my power, or in my love ;
 “ yet, surely, Doubor, the soul of Us-
 “ beck will not break through those
 “ bonds his faith has formed, which
 “ e’er to-morrow’s sun new gilds the
 “ Hellepont, his vow must urge him
 “ to depart.”

“ True, prince of the faithful,” answered Doubor, “ nor need you fear a
 “ rival in this Usbeck, whose pale
 “ glimmering glories are enlivened only
 “ by the favour of Othman.”

“ Well then,” replied the sultan,
 “ since his courage is necessary for our
 “ repose, to your care, faithful eunuch,
 “ I commit him, and let him haste

“ away,—for Othman’s love ill brooks
 “ the torture of suspense.”

The chief of the eunuchs hastened to obey the commands of Othman, and returning to the dungeon, where Usbeck expected the end of his fate, he ordered the mutes to release him.

Usbeck, amazed at the order of Doubor, arose, and the mutes having released him, retired.

“ Usbeck,” said Doubor, “ behold
 “ the messenger of thy sultan’s mercy,
 “ who spares thy forfeited life, because
 “ thy vow hath dedicated it to thy
 “ master’s service.”

“ Slave,” returned Usbeck, “ I un-
 “ derstand thee not :—there is a shew
 “ of

“ of friendship in thy speech; and yet
 “ methinks I have more to fear, when
 “ the wily serpent glides besides me,
 “ than when his angry hiss timely pro-
 “ claims a generous defiance.”

“ The friendship of humanity,” said
 Doubor, “ I owe to all; nor is my
 “ part sufficiently revengeful even to
 “ crush the ungrateful adder that stings
 “ me while I cherish him.—But, Us-
 “ beck, I mean not to gall thee with
 “ reproach; yet, as a friend, advise
 “ thee to submit, where submission only
 “ can yield thee hopes of comfort.”

“ Friendly Doubor,” answered Us-
 beck, pausing, “ I submit:—but the
 “ time prescribed is near elapsed.”

“ Fear

“ Fear not,” answered Doubor, “ al-
“ ready orders are given to equip you ;
“ and e’er night, you will be conveyed
“ to one of the Othman ships, with an
“ able commander to steer you to the
“ destined spot. All I can say is, that
“ Othman expects your answer, and I
“ haste to proclaim your obedience.”

Usbeck now began to relent ; and he
accused his heart, in suspecting the in-
tegrity of the chief of the eunuchs. But
Doubor was fled, and Usbeck left alone
in the dungeon of the seraglio.

The chief of the eunuchs having de-
clared to Othman the obedience of
Usbeck, waited till the evening, when
entering the dungeon with the guards
of the seraglio, they conveyed Usbeck
through

through the water-gate to the ship, which was prepared to sail in quest of the waters of oblivion : but by reason of the guards, the noble Usbeck lost every occasion of expressing his gratitude to the faithful Doubor.

As soon as Usbeck was embarked, the ship set sail, and the noble son of Elar found that the captain was a Christian renegado ;—for Doubor had sought in vain after one of his own nation, who was properly skilled in navigation, to perform the voyage.

For several days the ship ran swiftly before the wind, and hurried the unfortunate Usbeck from the place of his beloved, as the vulture bears in his talons

talons the panting lamb from its fond and faithful mother.

And now they were passing the island of Kirigon, when a storm arose, and after many days buffeting against the wind, obliged them to sail into the bay which embosoms the city of Koron.

It was in vain the citizens made signs for the vessel to steer away from their port.—The swelling ocean and the fierce winds united, drove them precipitately on the beach, and every soul being terrified with the tempest, they hastened on shore with the utmost precipitation.

“Unhappy mariners,” said an aged citizen to them, as they walked up the beach,

beach, “ you have escaped the womb
“ of the sea, to be buried in this con-
“ tagious city.”

They hung down their heads at this dreadful declaration, and Usbeck perceived that the plague was ravaging the city of Koron.

“ Noble Gehari,” said the undaunted Usbeck, to the captain of the vessel,
“ thou hast yet but a Christian’s faith,
“ or thou wouldest learn to acknow-
“ ledge Alla the father of his children,
“ even in the grave of death. His
“ hand, O Gehari, is on the famine
“ and the plague; where he suffers,
“ they spread the dark wings of fate,
“ and where he stops, the mighty con-
“ querors fall appeased.— But let us
“ boldly

“ boldly enter the gates of death,
 “ where we shall, while we have
 “ strength, administer to those, over
 “ whom the dark fiend hath thrown
 “ the purple mantle of contagion.”

The mariners, animated by the words
 and the example of Usbeck, boldly en-
 tered the city of Koron; and while
 the ghastly inhabitants sat trembling
 and inactive in their houses, Usbeck
 and his companions exercised the com-
 passionate offices of humanity on the
 miserable objects that surrounded them.

But his laborious and dangerous em-
 ployment soon overwhelmed the noble
 Usbeck, and he found the plague had
 seized his distempered blood. Listless,
 and unable to serve others, or to help
 himself,

himself, the wretched son of Elar fell between two carcases, to preserve whom his utmost endeavours had proved abortive.

The miseries that succeeded, nature kindly hid from his remembrance ;— the disorder possessed his brain, and he lay entranced on the ground, in the streets of Koron.

After two days he arose from the ground, his knees tottering with the weight of his emaciated body, he cast his hollow eyes around him, and on every side saw the dismal marks of the all-destructive plague.

Usbeck's chief attention was engaged, where two youths, who were kneeling
on

on the ground beside an aged body, which was just sending forth his last pestiferous breath, as a deadly legacy between his children. Their pious tears, and their duteous attention to the expiring parent, mixed with a submissive resignation to the will of Alla, struck the soul of Usbeck, long before he perceived they were the sons of his strength, who were performing the last sad offices to Mepiki, the father of Fatima.

“ My children,—my duteous children,” said the enervated Usbeck, crawling with trembling limbs to their assistance, “ may Alla bless your pious care; you are indeed the sons of Usbeck, and the offspring of Fatima, and your father is better pleased to
“ see

“ see you thus active in this vale of
“ death, than crowned with the con-
“ quest of unnumbered foes.”

The astonishment of Soliman and Ahud at the sight of their father, did not prevent their attendance on the dying Mepiki:—they closed the eyes of their departed friend with pious tears, and embraced with reverence the dead body of their honoured ancestor.

The soul of Usbeck was overcome by the piety of his children; and he, whom embattled armies could not move from his post, became the tender victim of parental affection.

Soliman and Ahud perceiving their father panting, ran to his assistance;—

new

new cares succeeded to increase their affliction, and the dying groans of Mepiki were scarce remembered, while Usbeck continued to faint in the arms of his children.

“ Thanks, gentle Soliman,—thanks,
 “ tender Ahud,” said Usbeck to his children, as he arose from the bondage of weakness; “ though nature is exhausted, my soul is revived by the
 “ behaviour of my sons, and Usbeck
 “ rejoices to see the tenderness of Fatima triumphant over thy father’s
 “ fierceness.”

“ Fountain of our life, and leader
 “ of our thoughts,” answered Soliman,
 “ thy children lift up their hearts to
 “ Alla, and bless him for the comfort
 “ forts

“ forts he has given us in this scene of
“ terrors.”

“ Ah! my sons,” said Usbeck,
“ why should I complain of bodily
“ weakness, when the weakness of my
“ mind is still greater. — Unsatisfied
“ with the presence of my children, I
“ burn to know what strange fatality
“ has brought you to the city of Ko-
“ ron.”

“ Author of our being,” answered
Ahud, “ thy children have not been
“ exempt from the misfortunes of their
“ parents. Soon after our father left
“ us under the protection of the affec-
“ tionate Mepiki, a slave hastened to-
“ ward the hut, whither thy offspring
“ had retired from the rage of the
“ flames.

“ flames. — Aged Mepiki, said the
 “ slave, retire with the children of Us-
 “ beck; for behold the royal Janissar-
 “ ies are advancing, and Othman hath
 “ commanded the progeny of Usbeck
 “ to be brought before him.

“ Venerable sire,” continued the
 slave, “ if you and the children of Us-
 “ beck will follow me into the forest
 “ that overshadows the village, I will
 “ engage to lead you in safety from the
 “ hands of your pursuers.

“ Mepiki leaned on the slave, and
 “ Soliman and myself drawing our sci-
 “ mitars, we sallied forth, and covered
 “ ourselves from the sight of the Ja-
 “ nissaries among the cedars of the fo-
 “ rest. Here we continued till night,
 “ when

“ when our faithful guide besought us
 “ to follow him through the forest, to a
 “ town about four leagues from the
 “ inhabitants of Mepiki.

“ Thinking ourselves too near the
 “ arm of Othman, we departed thence
 “ the following night to Barebo, and
 “ there continued, till a vessel, which
 “ was trading to Ismir, took us on
 “ board, and carried us to that famous
 “ city, the pride of Asia.

“ We continued in Ismir but a few
 “ days.—The plague broke out in the
 “ suburbs, and raged with such vio-
 “ lence, that Mepiki resolved to de-
 “ part by the first vessel that left the
 “ city of Ismir. This happened to be
 “ a merchant’s ship, bound for Ko-
 “ ron,

“ ron, in which we came with favoura-
 “ ble gales, and landed not long since
 “ in this miserable city.

“ The mariners who came with us
 “ escaped not the pestilence, although
 “ they had left the city of Ismir. They
 “ were seized with the contagion as
 “ soon as they landed, and the disorder
 “ raged with such violence, that e’er
 “ half the moon was elapsed, the whole
 “ city groaned under its wretched in-
 “ fluence.

“ The aged Mepiki, for some time,
 “ shut himself and us up in an inner
 “ apartment, hoping to escape: but
 “ when he found the deadly disorder
 “ had seized him, he commanded us to
 “ carry him forth into the open air;
 “ which,

“ which, in obedience to his will, we
“ performed this morning.

“ And have ye, my children,” said
Usbeck hastily, “ overcome the con-
“ tagion ;—or hath it yet delayed to
“ seize on your youthful frames ?”

“ We have hitherto,” answered So-
liman, “ experienced a doubtful life.
“ But seeing our parent has escaped
“ from the danger of the plague, we
“ shall no longer accuse our stars of
“ leading us to the horrors of this
“ place.”

“ Son,” answered Usbeck, “ to ac-
“ cuse fate is to rebel against Alla. No
“ circumstances can justify our impre-
“ cations, while our faith must assure
Vol. I. F “ us,

“ us, that he is the merciful governor
“ of all our fortunes.”

Usbeck in the mean time assisted his sons in their melancholy office, and having covered up the body of Mepiki, he led them to the vessel which Gehari commanded.

The wind blowing from the land, soon wafted them from the city of Koron; and Gehari, unwilling to return toward Constantinople, sailed to Medan, and there recruited the number of his mariners.

From Medan, after a tedious passage, they reached the island of Gomerou, where refreshing themselves a short space, they steered south, through the
wide

wide Atlantic, and approaching toward the sun, they encountered the sultry heats of the torrid zone.

Usbeck, though unacquainted with the sea, did not remain unactive. The day was also spent in instructing his sons, and in the night he strove with manly courage, to surmount the oppressions of his mind, which were aggravated by the thoughts of Fatima's distress.

Having passed the warmer climates, they drew near to the cold regions of the south, and Gehari discovering land, steered his vessel toward the shore, and anchored at a small distance from a beautiful island. Here they found the blessings of plenty; and the mariners

quickly recovering from the disorders of the sea, were enabled to pursue the directions of the bold Gehari, who stayed no longer than was necessary to refit his vessel and renew his stores.

From this island they sailed towards the Streights, which divide the Atlantic from the Pacific Ocean: but as they approached the land, the wind arose, and the sea beat in tempestuous billows against the ship of brave Gehari. The mariners in vain bore to the west; her sides shook as fearful of the storm, and the vessel started as it were from the face of the tempest, as the war-horse trembles in the day of battle.

Usbeck beheld the conflicting elements with calmness and resignation.

But Soliman was terrified at the black mountainous ocean, which rose in horrid precipices even to the clouds. As the vessel sunk enbosomed in hollow-sounding billows, so sunk the heart of Soliman ; and Usbeck in vain attempted to give his son a courageous mind.

As Usbeck was employed in animating Soliman, a tremendous swell broke in upon them, and the wave overwhelmed both Usbeck and his son. The father instantly secured himself by fastening to a part of the ship,—but Soliman became a sacrifice to its violence, and was driven over the sides of the vessel into the tumultuous ocean.

It was some time before Usbeck recovered from the sudden confusion, as

the sea had nearly stunned him in its passage ; but when he found his son was torn from him, and saw him tossed on the waves, the undaunted Usbeck leaped forward, and was about to follow, had not Ahud caught his father in his arms, and prevented his intention.

After some time the storm abated, and Gehari prepared to run through the Streights into the Pacific Ocean.

The rest of the voyage passed uninterrupted by the wind or the sea, but the serenity of the weather did but ill compensate to Usbeck the loss of his first born, Soliman.

After fifty days sailing, Gehari descried a great smoke, and in the night
could

could distinguish, at a distance, flames of fire. These increased every hour, and so greatly terrified the mariners, that Gehari was fearful they would rise up against him, and refuse to proceed any farther.

The island was now discovered, and in the middle of it an huge mountain, whose summit reached far above the fleeting clouds, where an horrid volcano vomitted forth a wide deluge of liquid fire, which broke forth from its crator with terrible roarings, and a mighty sound, as of winds bursting from the deep caverns of the earth. The glowing deluge rapidly descended down the mountain, in a sheet of fire, and rushing violently into the sea, drove back the affrighted waves in dreadful

hissings from its angry surface; and for a long time preserved its fiery course, beneath the waters that foamed above it.

The countenance of Gehari was now fixed with astonishment and dread, and he confessed to Usbeck, that he dared not to trust his ship any nearer the island.

“ Give me then,” answered the undaunted warrior, “ a boat, and a small portion of your provision, and Usbeck will alone risk the dangers that surround the fountains of oblivion.

“ No, my father,” answered the dutious Ahud, “ there is yet one left,
that

“that is ready to share with his parent
“the dangers of this horrid place.”

“My son Ahud,” replied Usbeck,
“Soliman is no more. If Usbeck
“perish, yet shall his name live in
“Ahud, and Fatima shall yet have
“one to revenge her wrongs!”

“It is not revenge alone,” answered
Ahud, “that my adored mother will
“require from her Ahud.—She will ask
“me also for my honoured father, and
“when she hears that I refused to share
“in his toils, on my poor devoted
“head will be poured the imprecations
“of an heart-broken parent.”

“O! Usbeck,” interrupted Gehari,
“yield to the duteous voice of Ahud,

“ whose presence may haply be the
“ means of both your future safety.”

Usbeck, at length overcome by Ahud and Gehari, consented. The undaunted Usbeck and his son descended from the side of the ship into the boat, which Gehari had prepared for their reception, while the captain and his mariners poured forth after them the unavailing tears of friendship and compassion.

The boat was about three leagues distant from the shore when it parted from the ship, and the wind blowing fair, Usbeck steered it briskly for the island of the waters of oblivion.

The nearer they approached, the more tremendous looked the rocks
which

which surrounded the island, against which the sea beat and roared, as if it strove in vain for a place whereon it might rest.

Being arrived within half a league, the boat struck on a quicksand, and Usbeck could neither move it, nor would the treacherous sand bear his weight, when he attempted to wade forward on its surface.

After many fruitless endeavours he took several small boards, which formed the bottom floor of the boat, and tying them together made two rafts, which laid on the sand, and moving one forward while he stood on the other, he thus made some small progress towards the shore.

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But

But this was an imperfect attempt as the raft would bear but one at a time, and Ahud was left helpless in the boat.

To conquer this difficulty, Usbeck returned again to the boat, and by the help of the oars and rudder, he made a third raft: so that Ahud, by following his father's steps, and giving the raft which he stepped from to Usbeck, who went before him, they, with much difficulty, moved forward to the rocks that surrounded the waters of oblivion.

The tide had been several hours falling from the rocks, when Usbeck arrived under their prominent horrors, and had left a narrow beach, on which
he

he and Ahud rested, after their perilous attempt.

Here Usbeck and his faithful companion recruited their wearied bodies, with such refreshments as they had brought in their garments from the boat, which, though scarce sufficient for the next day's support, was the only means of living they could see before them: unless they should be able to scale the over-hanging precipices, whose heads seemed wrapped in the dark clouds that were gathered around their rugged summits.

Usbeck and Ahud having refreshed their limbs, arose, and went about under the rocks in quest of some opening, which might afford them an entrance
into

into the island : but before any passage could be discovered, they came in sight of the burning torrent, and were obliged to retire from its destructive influence. To add to this distress, the tide returned with violence around them, and the swelling ocean arose on the beach, so that Usbeck and his son were half covered by the sea.

Thus wretched, they waded backward and forward on the beach, till Ahud discovered a small cavern in a rock, whose bottom the tide had not reached, when Usbeck and his son ascended into it. In this gloomy place, which dripped with the salt tears of the ocean, they obtained a few moments of relief : but the ascending swell followed them into the cavern, and dashing its
rude

rude waves against them, drove them on the rugged face of the rock. The tide, however, rose not above them; but, after a long persecution, retired, and left them nearly exhausted by its rude buffetings, and the wretched father and his duteous son, overcome with unnatural toils, slumbered on the seaweed, which the water had left them for their miserable bed.

Yet short were the slumbers of these afflicted Musselmén: the rocks and the mountains around them were heaved in the night with dreadful earthquakes, and the whole mass trembled, with the adventurous Usbeck and his son, as the wounded elephant shakes the tottering turret in the armies of the vanquished.

The

The noble Usbeck could not prevent some fears that arose in his mind, when he reflected on the exposed situation of his much-loved Fatima, who since her lord's departure from the seraglio, must have suffered far greater terrors from oppression and the fierce desires of the haughty Othman, than Usbeck had experienced from contending elements.

For several days the beauteous Fatima was permitted to remain without molestation, to moan the fate of her lord, whom she feared would be secretly destroyed by the cruelty of Othman.

The unfeeling Othman could but ill brook his absence from the lovely Fatima.—Every day he sent for Doubor,
to

to enquire how she bore the loss of Usbeck.

Doubor, who knew that persecution would rather inflame than assuage the sorrows of the virtuous Fatima, framed daily some new excuse to prevent the applications of his master Othman.

While these dark clouds were gathering over the miserable Fatima, Usbeck and his son were the victims of the storm, beneath the rocks of the island of oblivion. But the piety of Usbeck and the submission of his son Ahud, alleviated in some measure the dreadful hours of night, till day arose, and chased from their eyes the gloomy visions of darkness. — But with the friendly day returned again the unfriendly

friendly tide, smothering them with its rapid waves, as the insect which preys upon the plantain leaf is washed by solstitial showers.

After waiting, with their wonted patience, the reflux of the sea from their cavern, Usbeck, unwilling to lose the advantage of the day, led Ahud out on the narrow beach, while as yet they were forced to wade through its rapid surges, they endeavoured to surround that part of the island which was opposite to the burning torrent.

The attempt, though executed with eminent difficulties and hazard, was yet as hopeless as the former:—the black rocks, which had been hollowed by the lashing waves, hung in rude arch-

archwork over their heads each step they took, and formed a continued barrier, without the least interruption, except where the sea broke inward in deep eddies, and formed, in the fissures of the rock, a giddy whirlpool. Wearied with this unsuccessful search, the disconsolate Usbeck conducted his duteous son back to their stationed cavern.

'Twas now, their provision being exhausted or spoiled by the water, new distresses surrounded them, and the miserable Usbeck beheld his son wasted with fatigue, and overcome with hunger and with thirst.

One drop of wine still remained in a little vessel, which he had fastened to his sash; this the tender parent offered
to

to pour on the tongue of his distressed Ahud, but this the duteous Ahud refused, and, with uplifted hands, pressed the vessel towards his father's mouth. An affectionate struggle ensued, till Ahud; receiving strength from the dictates of duty, started up, and before the wretched Usbeck was aware, he suddenly forced the liquor into his mouth, and falling on his knees at his feet :

“ Ever honoured parent,” said the trembling youth, “ forgive the first disobedience I have ever practised against you. O ! let these tottering limbs bear witness what terrors possess my soul, in that I have dared to exert my strength against the author of my being ! Pardon—nay rather strike me

to

“ to the earth for my presumption,
 “ and cast from thy sight these rebel
 “ arms, which have prevailed against
 “ thy ever revered image.”

“ O Ahud, my son! my son!” said
 Usbeck, stooping, “ Alla shall doubt-
 “ less bless thy filial prowess. Thou hast
 “ indeed prevailed, most noble youth,
 “ but thou hast prevailed in duty, and
 “ art thy father’s superior in the tri-
 “ umph of affection. Yet how dear,
 “ O my son, shall thy victory prove,
 “ if to add a few moments to thy fa-
 “ ther’s age, thou hast suffered the fair
 “ blossoms of thy own life to wither
 “ and decay.”

The words of the undaunted Usbeck
 gave comfort to the affectionate soul of
 Ahud,

Ahud, and the cravings of hunger were suspended while he heard the sweet rewards of his duteous labours. But short were the pleasures of Ahud; excessive thirst parched up his lips, and his supplicating eyes looking towards heaven, while Usbeck expressed the silent anguish of his heart.

“ To see thee thus, O my son,” said the distracted Usbeck, falling upon his duteous boy, “ is worse than the death
 “ thou hast for a moment driven from
 “ the ill-fated Usbeck ! Oh cruel
 “ Ahud ! I will recall my forgiveness,
 “ for thou hast robbed me of a life far
 “ dearer than my own.”

As Usbeck spake these words the gasping youth, overcome by his hunger,
 fastened

fastened on his own flesh, and greedily sucked the issues of his life. This unnatural relief for a short period subdued his cruel thirst, and he waited with resignation till the tide should once more permit them to seek some escape from their sore distresses.

Traversing the narrow beach, Usbeck first discovered the water pouring from a small fissure in the rocks.

“ Ahud,” said the unconquerable Usbeck, his eyes sparkling with the distant hope, “ let us watch till the tide return, and observe whither the water returns through this fissure in the rocks.”

Ahud

Ahud rejoiced in his father's hopes and the two descendants of Elar waited in silence on the fragments which had fallen from the horrid precipices which surrounded them.

The conjectures of Usbeck were right; at the return of the tide the waters formed a whirlpool, and were drawn inwards through the cleft of the rocks.

“Whatever be our fate,” said the invigorated Usbeck, “this passage only
“seems to promise us the means of life:
“For on this beech, e’er two suns are
“passed, we must perish by the leaden
“hand of famine; wherefore, Ahud
“my son, let us plunge together thro’
“this dark eddy, and either meet an
end

“ end to our toils or a reward to our
“ labours.”

“ O my father,” said Ahud, faintly,
“ let us not attempt together the dan-
“ gers of the whirlpool : but as I have
“ less means of life remaining, I will
“ first explore the secrets of this watry
“ cave.”

Thus spake the filial Ahud, not ex-
pecting any relief from the undertaking,
but desiring to prolong the life of his
honoured parent.

Usbeck, hoping his son might suc-
ceed, yielded to his entreaties ; and
Ahud having promised, if possible, to
return with the ebbing tide, plunged
into the foaming whirlpool, and disap-

peared from his anxious father the noble Usbeck.

For a few moments the heart of Usbeck was bouyed up with pleasing expectations, and he doubted not but his dutiful Ahud was already in the land of plenty : yet, as the pious Usbeck looked upon the foaming whirlpool, and saw its tumultuous eddies roll beneath the rocky bed whereon he stood, his weakened spirits sunk within him, and in the anguish of his soul cried out, “ Oh “ Ahud, my son ! my son ! Oh treacherous ocean, thou hast robbed me “ of both my sons ! ”

The rising tide obliged him to retreat to his stationed cavern, where the emaciated Usbeck sat wringing his hands, weeping

weeping for his children, and bemoaning the fate of his faithful Fatima. The calls of hunger also encreased his distress. He cuts the sandals from his feet, and gnawed from them a poor lifeless sustenance, till the waters prevailing, obliged him to combat their resistless fury.

The following return of the sea, the worn out Usbeck returned to the fissure in the rocks, and although the waters passed out, yet Ahud appeared not upon their surface.

The succeeding tide the impatient Usbeck, with the first wave that entered, leaped into the jaws of the whirlpool.

For several moments he was hurried through the rocks, till the light appeared through the waters, and he found himself in a deep cave, furrounded with tremendous rocks, and open at the top.

The rocks growing wider and wider formed an irregular ascent, and with some difficulty the wounded Usbeck crawled upwards till he had attained its summit. Here he found an extended country, irregularly planted with fruits and herbs, and plentifully watered with little rivulets, gushing out of many parts of the earth. As Usbeck looked round on this delightful prospect, he fell with his face to the earth, and said :

“ O Alla, thy creature poureth forth
his praises towards thee, and the
“ wretch

“wretch whom thou hast blessed
“adoreth thee for thy bounty.”

As Usbeck spake these words, the pleasing vision faded from his sight, and he found himself cast forth by the waters, on the beach, from whence he had leaped in the morning.

The heart of the unfortunate warrior fell at the sight, and the spirits of Usbeck were nearly overwhelmed at the unexpected change.

“But hold,” said the submissive Usbeck, “if this change cometh through my devotion to Alla, blessed be that change, for Usbeck had rather acknowledge his God on the

“ barren rocks, than forget him in the
“ mansions of festivity.”

As Usbeck spake these words, he perceived the eddies of the whirlpool to rise with an unusual swell, and a female in vestments of gold came forth from its surface.

“ Righteous Usbeck,” said the majestic stranger, “ I rejoice in thy fortitude, and I am happy in being the
“ messenger of thy comfort : but e’er
“ I unfold to thee the wonders thou
“ hast seen, permit me to lead thee in
“ security to that place, from whence
“ so lately thou wast torn, as a sleeper
“ from his dream.”

So

So saying, the water ceased, and the genius and Usbeck descending into the cave shortly after, attained the summit of the rocks, where Usbeck had before seen the plains of plenty.

As Usbeck arrived on the plains, “now,” said his guide, “arise and satisfy thy exhausted nature, and then I will instruct thee in the lessons of our race.”

“But first,” answered Usbeck, “O genius, since such is human weakness, that even seeming good may be real mischief intended, let me address myself to that God in whom no one shall be deceived:—For, if I partake of these viands, he first, whom
G 4 “I serve

“ I serve, shall be blessed for his
 “ bounties.”

As Usbeck spake these words, he
 fell to the earth, and said,

“ O Alla ! thy creature poureth
 “ forth his praises towards thee, and
 “ the wretch whom thou hast blessed
 “ adoreth thee for thy bounty.”

“ This instance of thy gratitude and
 “ dependance on Alla,” said the genius
 who conducted him, “ is even beyond
 “ my hopes of thee, O Usbeck, thou
 “ highly beloved !—To be brave and
 “ duteous when misfortune cometh, is
 “ the lot of many, but few have for-
 “ titude to withstand temptations of
 “ pleasure, and the delusions of security.

“ As

" As joy approacheth, the knowledge
 " of Alla vanisheth from the minds of
 " mortals : and when the prize is ob-
 " tained, the elated conqueror looketh
 " not on him that bestoweth it. The
 " delusion of self-sufficiency arise out
 " of ease, and man looketh on the un-
 " deserved gift, and calleth it a reward,
 " and the price of merit.—happy is
 " he who receiveth with thankfulness,
 " and forgetteth not, that to Alla be-
 " longeth the praise and the glory !"

" O! bountiful genius," answered
 " Usbeck, " though much am I fortified
 " by thy dictates, yet doth my heart
 " pant after my son Ahud, whom I
 " have lost, and after Fatima, whom
 " I left in a tyrant's power."

“As to Ahud,” answered the genius, “his fate cannot be unrolled to thy sight: and Fatima still suffers for her contempt of that life which Alla had commanded her to preserve. But haste, and pursue the waters of oblivion, for many dangers yet surround thee; yet thou hast learned well, to be most aware when perils are unseen. The way is onward to the flaming mountain, in which the waters are hidden.”

The genius then disappeared from the sight of Usbeck; and after the laborious warrior had finished his repast, he walked onward to the burning mountain.

The

The plain whereon he walked led him into a deep valley, overgrown with bushes and trees, through which he broke with the utmost difficulty; and when unsupported by the branches of the trees, he fell into bogs, where he had perished, but for the broken fragments and boughs which he had gathered, to prevent sinking.

Having passed this morass, he arrived at a river, which ran among the rocks, whose source sprung from a wild cataract, which came foaming with a terrible noise, in two divided torrents down the rocks. Here the astonished Usbeck stood looking on the frightful water-fall, in wild amaze, and, stunned with the rapid dashing of the torrent, for some time paused, unable

to pursue his course, or retreat from this horrid scene.

No way appeared to pursue his journey, unless he dared to venture up the craggy precipice, which broke the two cataracts, and divided the roaring currents from each other by its bed of stone.

Toward this middle rock, the brave Usbeck crept, trembling at the bold determinations of his heart:—and although his eyes swam, and his imagination tottered, yet the steady Usbeck seized on the rock, and arose by degrees on its prominent fragments.

The foam and the surf of the neighbouring torrents washed him as he ascended,

ascended, and the noise of the impetuous currents overpowered him, so that he heard not the fall of several rocky fragments, which came tumbling on every side.

After his fatigue, and scrambling upward, he reached a broad, flat, prominent rock, whereon he laid his wearied limbs, and looked downward on the surges which raged below. Fear seized his body, though fortitude possessed his soul, and nature, tired of the struggle, kindly stole him from himself, and consigned him to oblivion. For a few minutes he lay entranced, and as he waked, forgetful of his situation, he rolled over to the brink of the rock, and was falling when he clasped the rock, and secured himself with his hands.

hands. Having gained his former situation, by long struggle and labour, his perseverance in a short time prevailed, and Usbeck stood on the utmost summit of the rock, from whence he looked over an extensive lake which parted him from the burning mountain; whose smoke and eruptions darkened the air, and filled it with sulphureous stench.

To pass this lake, Usbeck determined to plunge into it, and swim across; but he saw, that unless he could steer between the two currents, he should be hurled headlong down the perpendicular torrent.

Unabashed by the danger, Usbeck boldly leaped into the flood, and in a short time gained the opposite shore of the

the lake. Here the hot cinders, blown down from the mountain, fell in black showers upon him, and scorched his raiment and his flesh.

He marched towards the hot soil, which scorched his feet, and the sulphureous stench blasting his lungs, till he perceived an huge cave, through which ran a rivulet of black water. Usbeck doubted not, but this was the water of oblivion, ran eagerly into the cave, and saw at the extremity of it a fair virgin, sitting in a musing posture.

At the sight of Usbeck, the virgin arose, and welcomed his arrival.

“ Noble stranger” said she, “ it is
 “ now two hundred hegiras since any
 “ one

“ one has been able to reach this scene
 “ of horrors:—but to you it is given
 “ to taste the waters of oblivion, and
 “ to enjoy the blessings of our immortal
 “ race.”

As the virgin uttered these words with
 a pleasing aspect, she drew of the foun-
 tain, in a goblet of gold, and presented
 the dark waters to Usbeck, who thus
 addressed the blooming virgin:

“ Fair keeper of these enchanting
 “ fountains, excuse my refusal: it is
 “ not for myself that I seek the waters
 “ of oblivion. Bound by a fatal oath,
 “ I come a miserable exile from the
 “ Othman throne, to seek a death more
 “ cruel by succeeding, than others
 “ have found, who failed of success.”

“ Then

" Then drink of this refreshing
 " stream," answered the virgin, " and
 " forget the curses which Othman hath
 " heaped upon thy head.—Here, drown
 " thy former anxious thoughts, and rise
 " refresh'd, in the lethargic stream, to
 " untry'd scenes of pleasures and amuse-
 " ment.—For not a single thought of
 " what thou once hast felt, shall e'er
 " again molest thy troubled breast."

" Such pleasures," answered Usbeck
 sternly, " may captivate the wretch,
 " whose conscience wishes all the past
 " one universal blot:—but Usbeck has
 " not lived to wish the thread of life
 " unravell'd and destroy'd. No, vir-
 " gin, though great are the ills I feel,
 " yet this, in every ill, supports my
 " mind,—I have not sought, nor yet
 " deserv'd

“deserv’d, the ills I suffer. I thank
“my prophet for his mercies past,
“and value the great Allā’s former
“gifts too largely, to desire obli-
“vion may prevent my future thanks.
“Whatever afflictions are endured,
“were surely meant as blessings, to in-
“crease my faith:—to forget them,
“must be the desire of ingratitude.
“Whate’er are the blessings that Uf-
“beck has received, those yet reflect
“new comforts to my soul; and to
“lose them, were little to merit the fu-
“ture mercies of my God. No, vir-
“gin, one moment’s recollection of
“Fatima’s faithful love, is more de-
“lightful to me, than years of plea-
“sure with a second flame. Though
“dead, shall I forget thee, duteous
“Soliman? — Those pious cares so
“lately

“ lately honour’d good Mepiki’s grave.
 “ Though lost to me, yet never from
 “ my mind shall Ahud’s righteous
 “ image pass.”

“ Noble Usbeck,” answered the vir-
 gin, “ thou alone art worthy to suc-
 “ ceed, who hast learned rightly to
 “ value the gift thou hast obtained.
 “ Take then this goblet ; carry to thy
 “ prince these waters of oblivion, and
 “ fear not the toils of returning ; for
 “ as soon as thou art in possession of
 “ the goblet, thou shalt stand at the
 “ gates of the seraglio of Othman.”

Thus speaking, the virgin gave into
 Usbeck’s hand the golden goblet ; and
 as he received it, he found himself at
 the gates of Othman’s palace.

The

The Janissaries shouted for joy; and the populace in tumults proclaimed the arrival of Usbeck. The slaves of Othman hastened to inform their sovereign of Usbeck's arrival, and the eunuchs of the seraglio brought him before the impatient sultan.

As Usbeck entered the royal apartment with the goblet in his hand, he perceived Othman sitting with a disturbed countenance on the embroidered sofa.

Usbeck thrice prostrated himself before him, and Othman, with a frown, commanded his slaves and attendants to retire.

“What,

“What! slave,” said the royal tyrant,
 as Usbeck arose, “hast thou succeeded
 “in thy employment, or dost thou
 “bring thy forfeited head a tribute to
 “thy prince?”

“Lord of the Othman race,” answered Usbeck, “the great Alla, whom
 “I serve, hath blessed the cause of thy
 “slave, and Usbeck is returned with
 “honour and success to thy royal court.

“Blasphemous slave,” said Othman,
 rising in haste, “thou liest. Alla
 “meant not to bless thee beyond thy
 “lord, but has buoyed up thy heart
 “with treacherous hope, to make thy
 “disappointment greater. Yes, sla
 “thy master has resumed himself, de
 “stroyed thy children, and blessed
 Fatima,

“ Fatima with these outstretched arms,
 “ that thou mightest curse thy God
 “ and die.”

“ Haft thou prevailed, thou tyrant?”
 said Usbeck trembling, “ then welcome
 “ the black contents of this infernal
 “ bowl, for now oblivion is all I ask.”

“ Slaves,” said Othman clapping his
 hands, “ seize, seize from the frantic
 “ slave that precious bowl; it were
 “ luxury too great for him to taste and
 “ to forget.”

“ No, pious wretch,” continued
 Othman, “ ’tis I alone have blessings
 “ for thy heart. Chained to a damp
 “ dungeon’s side, each day I will visit
 “ and provoke thy memory with the
 “ joys

“ joys I lately tasted in the arms of thy
 “ Fatima; when with amorous strug-
 “ gles the half reluctant female gave
 “ denial to my fondness, and encreased
 “ my flame; when, heaving on love’s
 “ tumultuous ocean, her breath my
 “ gale, her tears my sea, I seemed like
 “ the proud Venetian on his holy fes-
 “ tival.”

“ Thy faith, thy oath, thy honour
 “ lost, call not, base Othman,” said Us-
 beck, “ on Alla more. Although
 “ death and oblivion are denied me,
 “ I’ll triumph over thee; for in all the
 “ curses that afflict poor Usbeck’s heart,
 “ none can overwhelm his conscience
 “ with such shame as thine.”

“ Slave,

" Slave," replied Othman, " thy
 " speech is free; I love to hear thy pious
 " resignation; but death overtakes thee,
 " if again thy words reflect dishonour
 " on thy prince: for think not, wretch,
 " so meanly of me, that I approve of
 " broken vows. None are so hardened,
 " but must tremble, though they cannot
 " relent. Yes, slave, the joys I felt
 " with thy fond mistress, leave an irk-
 " some sting behind them, and while I
 " triumph o'er thee, I curse myself:—
 " but these dull thoughts shall fly my
 " anxious breast; the waters of ob-
 " livion are designed for mine, and for
 " Fatima's peace. Wherefore, bring
 " me, slaves, the refreshing goblet, for
 " my gloomy soul pants for oblivion,
 " and I long to sin, and think it vir-
 " tue. Slaves, give me the goblet.

" Now,

“ Now welcome peace, and conscience,
 “ thou base intruder, a long farewell
 “ to all thy wretched admonitions.—
 “ But slaves, remember e’er I drink
 “ this, Usbeck dies.”

As Othman spake thus, he received the golden goblet from the hands of the slaves, who had rescued it from Usbeck, and looking with a ferocious smile on the wretched husband of Fatima, “ See, Usbeck,” said he, “ how
 “ greatly Othman doth honour to his
 “ slave. I drink this bowl to resemble thee.—And when Fatima shall
 “ have tasted its sweet contents, she
 “ shall look on Othman, and think him
 “ Usbeck.”

The cruel monarch then raised the goblet to his lips, and drank of the dark liquor it contained, which quickly spread its fatal influence through his veins; and the disappointed Othman too late perceived, that *with oblivion, death goes hand in hand.*

Usbeck, surpris'd, started at the unexpected effect of the deadly goblet; and the slaves, who ran to his assistance as he fell, finding their efforts to recover him were ineffectual, now fell at the feet of Usbeck, whom they imagined the Janissaries would doubtless place on the Othman throne.

“ Lord of our lives,” said the minions of the seraglio, “ Alla hath justly
 “ punished the wretched Othman for
 “ his

“ his broken vows, and thy slaves wait
 “ thy commands to cast his carcase
 “ forth a prey to the fowls of the air.”

“ Wretches,” said Usbeck, sternly,
 to them, “ I seek not the power you
 “ are so ready to give. Let the faithful
 “ Doubor be called, that the subjects
 “ of the Othman throne may be ac-
 “ quainted with their loss.”

“ Heir to the Othman glory,” an-
 swered the slaves, “ Doubor, by Oth-
 “ man’s command, is gone to Iznimid
 “ on the affairs of state.”

“ Then,” said Usbeck, “ carry forth
 “ the body of our departed Sultan, and
 “ shew his pale limbs to the brave
 “ soldiers of the court, to whom (since

“ no successor by inheritance or will is
 “ left) the choice of a new monarch
 “ falls. As to myself, tell them, I
 “ seek no honour, curst in all I hold
 “ most dear. To me, honour were a
 “ greivous burthen. Fatima, the vir-
 “ tuous Fatima, is defiled, and Usbeck
 “ shall retire for ever from the world!”

The report of Usbeck's arrival, and
 the death of Othman, was now spread
 through every part of the seraglio :
 and while part of the officers hastened to
 acknowledge Usbeck for their Sultan,
 others found out the melancholy Fa-
 tima, and declared every particular of
 the joyful news to the mourning fair
 one.

“ Is

“ Is he returned ?” said the transported Fatima, “ Is Usbeck, my lord, “ unnumbered with the dead ?—Then “ are my past sorrows like the vision of “ the night, and I again shall rise to “ a joyful day of constancy and love. “ —But lead me instantly,” continued she, “ to his beloved presence, that I “ may bless his conquests with my “ love, and clasp him once more with “ in these fond encircling arms.”

So saying, she hastened, with the slaves, to the apartment where Usbeck stood, with his surrounded guards, and flying in transports, she fell at his feet, and bathed his sandals with her overflowing tears.

Usbeck saw her approach with a mixed countenance of love and terror, and his soul divided by affection and resentment, knew not how to supply his tongue with a proper utterance.—But, perceiving her at his feet, the tender wretched husband stooped to the earth, and bowed himself before her.

“What! noble partner of my
 “thoughts!” said Fatima, in amaze,
 “Art thou dumb with joy.—O foolish
 “wretch!” continued she, “Why
 “came I so suddenly into the presence
 “of my beloved! My love, my ho-
 “noured Usbeck, behold thy faithful
 “Fatima, and bless me with one look
 “of love. Alas! guards,” said she,
 turning to the eunuchs, as she perceived
 Usbeck still immoveable, with his face
 on

on the earth, “surely the death of
“Othman hath not seized on my ho-
“noured Usbeck? My loved lord
“hath not drank of the pernicious
“goblet?”

“Oh! that I had drank thereof,”
said Usbeck, groaning, “when I stood
“before the virgin of the fountain of
“oblivion!”

“Speakest thou, my beloved,” said
the affrighted Fatima, “speakest thou,
“my beloved! and not to me. Oh!
“Oh!—am I changed, my honoured
“Usbeck?—Art thou not my lord,
“my Usbeck?”

The tender Fatima screeched at these
words, and fell in the arms of her at-
tendants.

H 4

At

At the screech of Fatima, Usbeck arose in wild haste, and clasped her in his arms.

“Partner of my soul,” said he, wildly, “look on thy much injured lord; look up, Fatima; it is Usbeck calls thee.”

“Dost thou call,” said Fatima, faintly; “dost thou call, O Usbeck, on whom my soul hangeth, call thy Fatima back to life! Oh! Alla, spare me yet, for I am Usbeck’s.”

“O that thou wast!” said Usbeck, relapsing at the dreadful thought! “O that thou wast thy Usbeck’s only, that I could again press thee to my heart, and call thee only mine!”

“I am,

“ I am, my Usbeck, I am only thine,
replied the faint Fatima, “ thine only
“ could I be.—Not Othman, and all
“ his lawless power could ever tempt a
“ thought from Usbeck’s love.”

“ Wretched Fatima,” said Usbeck,
sternly, “ Alla knows my heart bleeds
“ at thy distress, yet seek not meanly
“ to disguise the dark sins of tyranny
“ and lust :—Thou canst not surely be
“ so base, to wish thy Usbeck in pol-
“ luted arms.”

“ Oh ! Alla,” replied Fatima,
“ what means my lord !—By all our
“ righteous constancy and truth, I
“ swear thou never hast been injured in
“ Fatima’s love.

“ Vain woman,” replied Usbeck, hastily, “ strive not to deceive me, the
 “ lawless tyrant boasted of his crime,
 “ and cursed mine ears with the horrid
 “ description.”

At these words Fatima looked in wild amaze at her offended lord, and her eyes, unwilling to express resentment, melted into tenderness and love.

The conscious Usbeck saw the sufferings of his beloved, and his conscience checked him for increasing the distresses of his injured wife.

“ Forgive,” said he, running to her,
 “ forgive, O virtuous Fatima, the cru-
 “ elties of thy Usbeck. Thou camest
 “ seeking ease and consolation from thy
 “ lord,

“lord, and I have double the curses of
 “Othman upon thy much suffering
 “wounded heart.”

“One word, though but one echo,
 “of my Usbeck’s love,” answered the
 “afflicted fair, “blots all resentment
 “from thy Fatima’s long suffering
 “mind.”

The fair Fatima bowed at her lord’s
 commands, and left Usbeck with his
 surrounded nobles.

The noble Usbeck having given au-
 dience to the officers of the army, the
 viziers, and bashaws of the Othman
 court, declined their proffered honours.
 But the voice of the multitude prevailed,
 and he was constrained to bear the
 weight of empire on his brow.

The

The shouts of the faithful rend the air with notes of triumph, when Usbeck yielded to his peoples supplication.

In the midst of their clamour, a messenger arrived in the seraglio, and declared the approach of Doubor from Iznimid.

A gleam of comfort shot through Usbeck's soul as he heard the name of Doubor pronounced, and he sent his viziers to welcome his arrival, and bring him into the presence of his friend.

The faithful Doubor soon arrived, and having learnt from his friend the wonderful change, fell prostrate at the feet of Usbeck.

“Doubor,”

“Doubor,” said Usbeck, sternly,
“thou art not the only afflicted soul
“that Othman hath left behind him.
“Deep are his curses stricken on Fati-
“ma’s heart, and woes unutterable are
“Usbeck’s portion.”

“Surely, my lord,” returned Dou-
bor, the chief of the eunuchs, “the
“mighty Othman did not presume to
“break his oath?”

“Yes, he broke it, slave; nay more,
“and triumph’d in his sin,” said Us-
“beck, fiercely.—“Thou, I fear, has
“borne a part in all his crimes.”

“My lord,” answered Doubor,
“permit me to lead thee to fair Fa-
“tima’s apartment. I yet must hope
“some

"some mystery unravelled hurts your peace."

The chief of the eunuchs preceding the trembling Usbeck, led him to those apartments of the seraglio, where he had formerly been seized by the guards of Othman; and ordering the doors to be flung open, Usbeck discovered Fatima sitting on a sofa, with her surrounding attendants.

At sight of Usbeck, the beauteous sultana arose, with wild distracted looks, and turning to her slaves,

"Who is this," said she, "who
 "basely apes the majesty of Othman's
 "prince? Whoe'er thou art, bold
 "slave," continued she, "depart, or
 "by

“ by my beauties, the god-like Oth-
 “ man shall sacrifice thee to our mutual
 “ loves,

“ O! prophet of the Just,” said Uf-
 “ beck, “ what means this wond’rous
 “ change? ’Tis Usbeck, my beloved—
 “ Usbeck, who comes to be convinced
 “ thou never hast submitted to base
 “ Othman’s love.

“ Wretch,” said Fatima, with an
 “ haughty frown, “ dost thou then
 “ call the royal presence of the love-
 “ bringing Othman an evil? O wit-
 “ nefs all! To me no joy was ever e-
 “ qual to his fierce embrace, when with
 “ reluctant struggles I increas’d his
 “ love. But thou, rude slave, forbear,
 “ nor with unhallow’d touch defile that
 “ form

“ form, which has ever serv’d to bless
 “ thy royal master’s heart.”

“ Just righteous God,” said Usbeck,
 falling back, “ what are these sounds
 “ that rack my jealous ears ?—No,
 “ it cannot be. I see wild passion rolls
 “ her eye, and madness has possessed
 “ her brain, borne down by former
 “ evils, and depressed by anxious cares,
 “ the unexpected change seized quickly
 “ on her soul, and the transported fair
 “ one, e’er that her mind was calmed
 “ by reason or religion. In such a
 “ state thou camest, sweet Fatima, to
 “ thy Usbeck’s arms ; and when thy
 “ fluttering heart, with hasty pulse de-
 “ manded comfort, I gave the base
 “ suspicion, and with rude hand repel-
 “ led thy tender love. Not contented
 “ with

“ with thy past sufferings, I, in my first
 “ royal act, became the tyrant on my
 “ wife, and cursed thee more than Oth-
 “ man had done. But righteous Pro-
 “ phet, thou hast well repaid my base
 “ ingratitude ! Blind as the dark mole,
 “ I dare accuse thy wond’rous sight, and
 “ in the puny balance, which my igno-
 “ rant will held out, presumptuous
 “ weighed the mercies of my God !”

The pious words of Usbeck were
 attended with unusual omens.—From
 the left, the vivid lightning flashed, the
 palace shook, and a thick cloud filled
 the apartment where Usbeck stood, out
 of the midst of which came forward the
 stately Adiram, and thus addressed the
 consort of wretched Fatima :

“ Noble

“ Noble Usbeck, the trials of thy
 “ fortitude are now finished, and Adi-
 “ ram is the joyful messenger of your
 “ future peace. The beauteous female
 “ who stands before thee is not the real
 “ Fatima, as thou wilt perceive, when
 “ she shall restore to Doubor the en-
 “ charmed ring.

“ After Usbeck’s departure from
 “ the seraglio, in search of the waters
 “ of oblivion, I perceived that the obli-
 “ gations of an oath could not bind the
 “ daring Othman, who was influenced
 “ by the demon revenge, and unmoved
 “ by the tender calls of humanity. I
 “ therefore sent my winged messenger
 “ with an enchanted ring to Doubor,
 “ declared its virtues, and bidding him
 “ use it when Fatima’s distress should
 “ most

" most require its assistance. The
 " friendly Doubor had in vain em-
 " ployed both artifice and perswasion,
 " to prevent his master from yielding
 " to his passions : every contrivance
 " proved abortive, and Othman was
 " determined to force Fatima to his
 " will.

" In this distress I sent the enchanted
 " ring to Doubor, commanding him
 " to put it on the finger of one of
 " Othman's mistresses, who should
 " thereby be enabled to personate the
 " virtuous Fatima, and deceive the
 " sultan. Doubor, overjoyed, carried
 " it to the fair and haughty Zurac,
 " who had long pined unnoticed in the
 " walls of the seraglio. Zurac ten-
 " derly

“ derly loved Othman, but her lord
“ had never returned her affections.

“ Zurac, said Doubor, to the fair
“ princess, you are well acquainted
“ with Othman’s passion. Every beauty
“ in the seraglio is neglected, for Fa-
“ tima alone possesses the heart of
“ Othman.

“ Say then, fair princess, should
“ Doubor give to Zurac the powers
“ of pleasing the mighty Othman, if
“ Doubor should make him neglect
“ Fatima, and seek only thee, what
“ reward awaits the chief of eunuchs
“ at thy fair hands?

“ He shall be,” answered Zurac,
“ as the clear fountain in the desert, or
“ as pardon to the wretch condemned.

“ Take

“ Take, therefore,” answered Dou-
 bor, “ this ring; and while you wear
 “ it, your speech and person shall be
 “ as the speech and person of the favou-
 “ rite Fatima. But beware lest your
 “ tongue betray the deception; and
 “ be cautious, and seemingly reluctant,
 “ that the change of behaviour awaken
 “ not in Othman any suspicions con-
 “ ing you.”

Zurac readily yielded to the propo-
 sals of Doubor; and the eunuch se-
 cretly removed Fatima from these
 apartments, and brought Zurac in her
 stead. But the haughty sultan, fearful
 that Doubor would seek to prevent his
 desires, sent the faithful eunuch to Is-
 nimid, and the next day commanded
 the false Fatima to yield to his desires.

Zurac,

Zurac, happy that Othman should so soon seek after her, made a feint resistance, and the passionate monarch took possession of her charms, the day before the noble Usbeck arrived from the waters of oblivion.

“And now, Doubor,” continued the Genius, “be you the messenger of these happy tidings to the virtuous Fatima, and prepare her heart to receive her lord; and acquaint her also, that Ahud is living, whose failure on the burning mountain was the consequence of his filial piety. Having passed the whirlpool, and ascended the rocks, he came to the fruitful plain; and, overjoyed at the sight of the fruits that grew thereon, the duteous youth plucked several,
“and

“ and folding them in his garments, he
 “ descended the rocks, resolving not to
 “ taste them till he had carried them to
 “ the noble Usbeck, his father: but
 “ as through his haste to relieve the
 “ fainting parent, he neglected to thank
 “ Alla for the gift, the evil genii
 “ claimed a power over him, and the
 “ cause was debated between our race
 “ and the impious genii, before the
 “ footstool of Mahomet. Long were
 “ the contests of each parties, and
 “ every argument was used, which
 “ either mercy or malice could suggest.
 “ At length Mahomet determined, that
 “ the youth should neither succeed nor
 “ be condemned, but that he should be
 “ conveyed to the ship of Gehari,
 “ which was sailing toward the Ottoman
 “ Empire. He therefore shall, if Alla
 “ permit,

“ permit, return within the space of
 “ one year to his parents arms, and, in
 “ compassion to the race of the faithful,
 “ he shall not ascend to the enjoyments
 “ of his brother Soliman till, after thy
 “ death, he hath swayed with fame and
 “ glory the Othman Scepter.”

Thus spoke the genius Adiram, and
 retiring into the dark cloud, left the
 brave Usbeck in the royal seraglio :
 who, after he had assured the fair Zurac
 that she should enjoy the honours of
 Othman's sultana, hastened to meet his
 beloved.

Doubor was, in obedience to Adiram,
 imparting the glad message to Fatima,
 when the mighty Usbeck entered the
 apartments. His lovely Fatima so hap-
 pily

pily restored to him, gave new graces to his beauteous consort. They met with tears of joy, running like fountains from their pious eyes, and in silent rapture hung entwined in each others arms.

Conscious that passion had formerly transported them beyond the bounds of reason, they both in secret prayed for Alla's grace to moderate their joy. And having borne the trials of adversity, they now strove to obey the sober dictates of calmness and humility.

And first kneeling in the midst of their attendants, with hearts and eyes lifted up to the throne of heaven, they poured forth their pious prayers for their maker's mercies. Then the royal

Usbeck arose, and went toward Doubor, the faithful eunuch.

“Friend of my bosom, and great instrument of all my joy,” said Usbeck, embracing him, “not all the monarchy of the Othman throne can do for thee, can e’er repay thy generous services. Happy am I, to think that Alla will reward thee, with the heart-felt pleasures of an approving conscience, that, Doubor, shall be thy chief reward.—For worldly pleasures, command thy Usbeck’s fortune, the wealth of all my empire is at thy disposal.”

The beauteous Fatima followed the example of her loved lord, Usbeck,

beck, and all with joy acknowledged Doubor's generous kindness.

The good old man, overcome by the affecting scene, in silence lifted up his watery eyes to heaven, then fell at Usbeck's feet, and would have kissed his sandals; but the grateful Usbeck raised him up, and seated him beside his amiable Fatima.

Serenity and mildness succeeded in the affectionate interview, where all were happy with each other, and where all acknowledged the source of their happiness in the bounties of the all-merciful and all-rewarding Alla.



HARAZAN AND SELIMA.


 OST thou ask a torch
 to discover the bright-
 ness of the morning?—
 Dost thou appeal to ar-
 gument for proofs of *Divine Perfection*?
 Look down to the earth on which thou
 standest, and lift up thine eyes to the
 worlds that roll above thee:—Thou
 beholdest splendour, abundance, and
 beauty. Is not HE who produced them,
mighty?—Is not HE who formed thy
 understanding, *wise*?—Is not HE who
 gratifies

gratifies thy senses, *good*?—Can ought have limited His bounty, but His wisdom?—or can defects in His sagacity be discovered by thine?——To Hamet Hassein the teacher of humility and resignation, let thine ear be attentive, even thou, whose heart has rebelled in secret, and whose wish has silently accused the *Attributes* of Him, who touches the mountains and they smoke, *The Almighty* and *The Most Merciful*, be everlasting honour!

I arose early in the morning—refresh'd by rest—animated with hope—incited by desire,—I bent my course over the vallies—and saw the hills rising in view. My ears were delighted with the melody of birds—I contemplated the towering oak—and caught the gentle fragrance

of the eldest daughter of the spring. Thus I went on till the sun approached in his meridian, and the increasing heat preyed upon my strength. I quickly espied a grove that seemed to wave its shades as a sign of invitation.—I enter'd it—and found the coolness and verdure irresistibly pleasing. In this charming recess, I amused myself with the flowers that covered the banks on either side—and plucked the fruits that hung pendant upon their branches. The green path at last began to decline from its first tendency, and wind among hills and thickets, cooled with fountains, and murmuring with water-falls. I listen'd to every echo—mounted every hill for a new prospect—turned aside to every cascade—and pleased with tracing the course of a gentle river, that rolled
among

among trees, watering a large region with innumerable circumvolutions. To my inexpressible joy, I discovered the retreat of Mirza the hermit, who 'investigates the secrets of Nature, and ascribes Glory to his *Creator*.' *Al-Hamdu lillah*

The hope of improving my meditation by his wisdom and sanctity of life, gave me new vigour.—I soon reached his humble dwelling. I enter'd—but Mirza was absent. I presently discovered him through the trees at some distance, advancing towards me with a person whose appearance was, if possible, yet more venerable, and whom before I had never seen.

Mirza saluted me by name, and presented me to his companion, before whom

I bowed myself to the earth. Having looked stedfastly in my countenance, he laid his hand upon my head and blessed me.

“ Hamet-Hassein, said the hoary sage,
 “ those who desire knowledge, that
 “ they may teach virtue, shall not be
 “ disappointed : — I will relate events
 “ which yet thou knowest but in part,
 “ and disclose such secrets of Provi-
 “ dence from which thou mayest de-
 “ rive instruction.” — We listened, as
 to the counsel of an angel, or the mu-
 sic of Paradise.

Selima, the daughter of a poor shep-
 herd, was drawing water at the wells
 of Asor, when a caravan arrived, and
 the driver of the camels alighted to
 give

give them drink:—Those which came first to the wells, belonged to Harazan the merchant. Selima, when the caravan drew near, had covered herself with her veil, which the slave of Harazan, to gratify his curiosity, attempted to withdraw. Harazan seeing the violence offered to Selima, called out for him to forbear, and himself hastened to the well.—The veil of Selima had fallen off in the struggle, and Harazan was captivated with her beauty. The lovely confusion of offended modesty—the disdain that swell'd in her bosom—and the resentment that sparkled in her eyes, expressed a consciousness of her sex, which warmed and animated her beauty. They were graces which he had never seen—and caused a tumult in his breast he had never before felt:—For Hara-

zan, though he had large possessions, was yet a youth, and a stranger to woman. The merchandize which he was transporting had been purchased by his father, whom the angel of Death had intercepted in the journey—and the sudden occasion of independency and wealth did not dispose him to restrain the impetuosity of Love.

Harazan demanded the beautiful Selima of her parents—his message was received with gratitude and joy—and Harazan, after a short stay, carried her back to Egypt, having first punished his slave for his audacity.

Harazan delayed the solemnities of marriage, till the time of mourning should expire—he anticipated the happiness

piness which he believed to be secured, and supposed that it would increase by expectation, like a treasure by usury, of which more is still possessed, as possession is the longer delayed.

In this interval, Selima, recovered from the tumultuous joy of sudden elevation—her ambition was fatiated—and her soul became susceptible of Love. Harazan, regretted the obscurity of her birth only, because it had precluded the cultivation of her mind. However, he laboured attentively to supply the defect as much as possible. His instructions were received not only with gratitude, but with delight. While he spoke, Selima gazed upon him with esteem and love, and had no wish but to return.

return the happiness which he was so impatient to bestow.

Bozaldab, the Caliph, was then upon the throne of Egypt. The passions of Bozaldab were impetuous as the torrents of Redala—and fatal as the whirlwind of the desert. To excite and gratify—still unsatisfied—and his life was wretched. The seraglio was filled with beauty—yet he was outrageous to revive desire by new objects, which he demanded of Hussian the eunuch. Hussian, therefore, caused a proclamation to be made, that whoever should produce the most beautiful virgin within two days, should stand in the presence of the great Caliph, and be deemed the third in his kingdom.

Dalca;

Dalca, the slave of Harazan, from the sullen ferocity of his temper, and prompted by revenge, when he heard the proclamation, a joy kindled in his aspect, like lightning in the darkness of a storm.

He knew that Selima was still a virgin, and that her marriage was very near. Dalca, the slave, hastened to the palace, and demanded to be brought before Hussian the eunuch, who in the midst of magnificence and servility,—the flattery of dependant ambition—and the zeal of unlimited obedience, was sitting pale and silent—his brow contracted with anxiety—and his breast throbbing with apprehension.

When

When Dalca was brought into his presence, he fell prostrate before him:—
 “By the smile of my lord, let another
 “be distinguished from the slaves who
 “mingle in obscurity, and let his fa-
 “vour elevate another from the dust:
 “But let my service be accepted, and
 “let the desire of the mighty Caliph
 “be satisfied with beauty. Selima
 “will shortly be espoused by Harazan,
 “—but of Selima, the sovereign of
 “Egypt only is worthy. Haste, my
 “Lord, to demand her—she is now
 “with him in the house, to which I
 “will conduct the messenger of thy
 “will.”—

Hassan, the eunuch, heard Dalca with transports of joy:—a mandate was instantly written to Harazan:—it was sealed

sealed with the royal signet, and delivered to Dalca, who returned with a guard sufficient to compel obedience.

The mourning of Harazan expired that very day—he had changed his apparel, and perfumed his person—his features were brightened with love and rapture:—he invited his friends to the festival of his marriage—and the evening was devoted to the accomplishment of his wishes. The coming day was also expected by Selima with a joy she laboured not to suppress—and she was hiding her blushes in the bosom of Harazan, when Dalca arrived with the mandate and guard.

The domestics were alarmed and terrified—and Harazan, being instantly in-

informed of the event, rushed out of the apartment of Selima with disorder and a distracted countenance. When he saw Dalca, his slave, he boiled with anger and disdain, but was intimidated by the appearance of the guards. Dalca, with looks of insolence and triumph, presented the mandate: Harazan seeing the royal signet, kneeled to receive it; and having gazed a moment on the superscription, pressed it upon his forehead in an agony of suspense and terror.—

The wretch Dalca, who had betray'd him, enjoyed the anguish which he suffered, and perceiving that he was fainting, and had not the fortitude to read it, informed him of the contents. At the name of Selima he started, as if
he

he had felt the sting of a scorpion, and immediately he fell lifeless to the ground.

Dalca, the slave, proceeded to execute the commission without remorse;—he was not to be moved by the almost expiring Harazan—nor by expostulation, entreaty, or tears. He conducted Selima to the seraglio, and presented her to Hassan with exultation and hope.

Hassan, whose wish was flattered by her stature and her shape, lifted up the veil with impatience, timidity, and solicitude—but the moment he beheld her face, his doubts instantly vanished. Hassan fell prostrate at her feet, as a person on whose pleasures his life would from that moment depend. Selima was conducted

conducted to the apartments of the women—and Dalca was the same hour invested with his new dignity. Apartments were assigned him in the palace, and he was made captain of the guard that kept the gates of the seraglio.

Harazan, when he had recovered his great sensibility, and found that Selima had been conducted to the seraglio, was seized by turns with distraction and stupidity. He passed the night in dreadful agitations, by which the powers of nature were exhausted. In the morning he locked himself into the apartment of his beloved Selima, and threw himself on a sofa, determining to admit no comforter—nor to receive any sustenance whatever.

While

While Harazan was abandoned to despair, Hassan's description of Selima had roused the Caliph from his apathy. He commanded that Selima should be prepared to receive him, — and soon after went alone into her apartment. Familiar as Bozaldab was with beauty, he could not behold Selima without emotion. He perceived her in tears — and that his presence covered her with confusion — yet he believed that her terrors would vanish — and that by kindness she might be soothed to familiarity and pleasure.

The moment he approached her, she threw herself at his feet, and intreated to be heard, with an importunity which he chose rather to indulge than resist; —
he

he raised her from the ground, and encouraged her to proceed.

“ Let the great and mighty Caliph
 “ of Egypt dismiss a wretch who is
 “ not worthy of his presence — and
 “ compassionate the distress which is
 “ not susceptible of delight. I am the
 “ daughter of a poor shepherd, betrothed
 “ to the Merchant Harazan — from whom
 “ I have been forced by the perfidy of a
 “ slave, — and to whom my soul is united
 “ by bonds indissoluble. O ! let not
 “ the terror of thy frown be upon me ! —
 “ Shall the sovereign of Egypt stoop to
 “ a reptile of the dust ? Shall the
 “ judge of nations retain the worthless
 “ theft of treachery and revenge ? Or
 “ shall he, for whom ten thousands
 “ languish

“languish with desire, rejoice in the
“sufferance of one alienated mind?”

The Caliph, whose breast had by turns
been inflamed with desire and indigna-
tion, while he gazed upon the beauties
of Selima — listened to her voice —
but with a frown of terror he left the
apartment without reply.

The Caliph for some moments after
remained in suspense, — but the passions
which eloquence had repressed, soon
became predominant, — and he com-
manded Selima to be told, that if within
three hours she did not prepare to gra-
tify his wishes, he would cast the head
of her beloved Harazan at her feet.

Hassam

Hassan by whom the message was delivered, and her female attendants, were touched with pity at her distress, and trembled at her eminent danger. The evils which they could not scarce hope to prevent, they were solicitous to delay—and therefore, advised her, to request three days of preparation, that she might recover the tranquility of her mind, to make a just estimate of her own happiness. They requested her to send, as a pledge of her obedience, a bowl of sherbet, in which a pearl had been dissolved, and of which she had first drank herself.

To this advice, after some throws of desperation, she at length consented, and prepared to put it into execution.

The

The same moment of time, Harazan suddenly started from a restless slumber—he was again stung with an instantaneous reflection upon his own misery—and indulged the discontent of his mind in this exclamation:

“If wisdom and goodness do indeed
“preside over the works of *Omnipo-*
“*tence*, where is oppression, injustice,
“and cruelty? As Harazan alone
“has a right to Selima, Why is Selima
“in the power of the tyrant? O! that
“now the justice of heaven would ap-
“pear in my behalf! O! that from
“this hour I was the Caliph of Egypt!
“—and he Harazan!”

The instant the wish was pronounced,
his chamber was darkened as with a
thick

thick cloud, which at length dissipated by a burst of thunder,—and a being, whose appearance was more than human, stood before him.

“ Harazan,” said the aerial visitant,
 “ I am one of the region above thee—
 “ but my business is with the children
 “ of the earth. Thou hast wished to
 “ be the Caliph of Egypt, and as far as
 “ this wish is possible, it shall be ac-
 “ complished:—Thou shalt assume his
 “ appearance, and exercise his power.
 “ I know not yet whether I am per-
 “ mitted to conceal thy sovereign under
 “ the appearance of Harazan,— but
 “ ’till to-morrow he shall not interrupt
 “ thee.”

Harazan,
 said

Harazan, who remained motionless with astonishment and terror, now recovered his fortitude as in the presence of a friend—and was about to express his gratitude and joy, when the genius bound a talisman on his left arm, and acquainted him with its power.

“As often as this bracelet shall be applied to the region of thy heart,—
 “thou shalt be alternately changed in appearance from Harazan to the
 “Caliph—and from the Caliph to
 “Harazan.”

The genius then disappeared,—and Harazan, impatient to recover the possession of Selima, instantly applied the stud of the bracelet to his breast, and

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that

that moment found himself alone in the apartment of the seraglio.

In the interval, the Caliph, who was expecting the issue of his message to Selima, became restless and impatient;—he quitted his apartment, and went into the gardens:—frowning and pensive he fixed his eyes on the clear surface of a fountain in the middle of the walk. The agitation of his mind continued—and at length broke out into this soliloquy:

“What is my felicity? And what
 “is my power? I am wretched by
 “the want of that which the caprice of
 “a woman has bestowed on my slave.
 “I can withhold felicity from him—
 “but I cannot procure it myself.
 “Why

“ Why have I not power to assume the
 “ form in which I might enjoy my
 “ wishes?—I will at least enjoy them
 “ in thought. If I was Harazan, I
 “ should be clasped with transport to
 “ the bosom of Selima.”

The Caliph then resigned himself to the power of imagination—and remained silent. But the moment his wish was uttered, he became subject to the genius, who had just transported Harazan to his palace. This wish was instantly fulfilled,—and his eyes being still fixed upon the water, he perceived with sudden wonder and delight, that his figure had been changed in an instant,—and that the mirror reflected another image. The Caliph hastened to the palace, without reflecting that as

he would not be known, he would be refused admittance. At the door to which he advanced with eagerness and precipitation, he was stopped by a party of the guard that was commanded by Dalca :—A tumult ensued—and Dalca being hastily called, believed that Harazan, in the phrenzy of desperation, had scaled the walls of the garden to recover his Selima,—and rejoicing in an opportunity of revenge that exceeded his fondest hope, instantly stabbed him with a poignard ;—but at the same time received that of the Caliph in his heart.

Thus fell at once the tyrant and the traitor. The tyrant by the hand which had been armed to support him in oppression—and the the traitor by the
fury

fury of the appetite which his perfidy had excited.

In the mean time, the man, who was believed to be slain, reposed in security upon a sofa,—and Selima, by the direction of her women, had prepared the message and the bowl. They were now dispatched to the Caliph, and received by Harazan. He understood by the message that his Selima was yet inviolate. — In the joy of his heart he took the bowl — which having emptied, he commanded that Selima should be conducted to his presence.

Selima was conducted, but entered alone pale and trembling—and though

her lips were forced into a smile, the characters of grief, dread, and aversion, were strongly impressed in her countenance. Harazan, who beheld her disorder, exulted in the fidelity of her love—and springing forward, threw his arms about her in an extasy of tenderness and joy—which was still heightened when he perceived, that in the character of his sovereign, those embraces were suffered with reluctance, which in his own were returned with ardour. Harazan, retiring a few paces, applied the talisman again to his breast—and having recovered his own form, would have rushed into her arms—but she started from him in confusion and terror. Harazan smiled at the effect of the prodigy—and sustaining her to his bosom, repeated some tender

der incidents which were known to no other—told her by what means he had intercepted the message—and urged her immediately to escape, that they might be happy—and leave the incumbrance of royalty to the wretch whose likeness he had been enabled to assume. Selima gazed at him with a fixed attention, till her doubts and suspicion were removed—then suddenly turned from him—tore her garment—and looking up to heaven, imprecated curses upon her head, till her voice faltered, and she burst into a flood of tears.

The agony of Selima, Harazan beheld with unutterable distress:—and in broken exclamations she informed him of the cause.

“ In

“In the bowl, which thou hast
“intercepted, there was death. I
“wished when I took it from my lips,
“that the draught which remained
“might be poison:—a powder was
“immediately shaken into it by an in-
“visible hand, and a voice whispered
“me, that he who drank the potion it
“would inevitably destroy.”

Harazan, to whose heart the fatal
malignity had now spread, perceived
that his dissolution would be sudden;
—his legs already trembled—his eyes
became dim—he stretched out his arms
towards his beloved—his countenance
was distorted—impenetrable darkness
came upon him—he groaned and fell
to the earth. In in his fall the talisman
again smote his breast—his form was
again

again changed — and the horrors of death were impressed upon the features of the Caliph.

Selima ran to support her expiring Lord—but when she perceived the last transformation, she rushed out of the apartment with the wild impetuosity of distraction and despair. The 'seraglio was alarmed in a moment,—the body which was mistaken for that of the Caliph, was examined by the Physicians—the effects of poison were evident.—Selima was immediately suspected—and by the command of Omardon, who succeeded his father, Selima was put instantly to death.

Thus was the end of Harazan and Selima—the Caliph and Dalca—from whose

whose destiny I have withdrawn the veil. Let man consider it and be wise ; —be thou the messenger of instruction —and let increase of knowledge cloath thee with humility.

While mine eyes were fastened on the hoary sage, who had thus vouchsafed me counsel and knowledge, his countenance became bright as the morning, and his robe fleecy like a cloud—he rose like a vapour from the earth, and the next moment I saw him no more.

I then turned to the hermit Mirza, chilled with reverence, and dumb with astonishment :—but in the countenance of Mirza was the calm chearfulness of superior virtue—and I perceived that
the

the sanctity of his life had familiarized him to divine intelligence.

“ *Hamet Hassen, the voice which*
 “ *thou hast heard is the voice of Zamir*
 “ *the genius—by whose power the won-*
 “ *ders which he has related were*
 “ *produced. 'TIS HIS PROVINCE TO*
 “ *PUNISH IMPATIENCE AND PRESUMP-*
 “ *TION, by FULFILLING THE DECREES*
 “ *OF THOSE who WISH to interrupt the*
 “ *order of nature, and presume to direct*
 “ *the HAND of ETERNAL PROVI-*
 “ *DENCE. Relate what thou hast*
 “ *heard, to preserve others from his*
 “ *power.*”

Let virtue suffer with patience—and
vice dread to incur the misery she would
inflict :

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inflict:—For by him who murmurs at the will of heaven, his own portion of good is diminished,—and he who presumptuously assumes the favour, will turn the point upon his own bosom.

END of the First Volume.

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*Let us then suffer with patience—and
vice versa to incur the misery the world
inflict:*

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